★Oct. 26, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

When You need those Extra, Warm Blankets...

These Specifications appear on the Label of the CHATHAM RONDA

CONSTRUCTION: 100% pure wool. The filling yarns (the nap of the blanket) are about 60% by weight, and the strong warp yarns are about 40% by weight.

SIZE AND WEIGHT: 72 x 84 inches, double-bed size. This blanket weighs four pounds, or about 13.8 ounces per square yard of blanket fabric.

BINDING: This blanket is bound with rayon acetate satin. It has been tested for durability in a commercial laundry and found to outlast 10 regular washings.

WARMTH: This fabric retains heat with a rating of 117 points as measured for thermal transmission. (100 points is average for 100%-wool, 3½-pound, single blanket.)

STRENGTH: Tensile strength tests by "grab" method with a Scott Tester on this fabric have averaged 50 pounds for the warp and 22 pounds for the filling.

COLOR: This blanket will retain its color for the life of the blanket, if properly washed according to the instructions printed on this label.

Here's a Sensible New Way to Buy Them . . . and to Save Time, "Shopping Around"—and Money, too!

When buying blankets this Fall, you'll find that the new Chatham "Selection Cabinet" provides a welcome relief from the usual method of "shopping around" and comparing values. For this ingenious, counter-sized cabinet has made an immediate hit with women who value their time and energy and want to *know* what they are buying.

Here you'll find not only full-sized blankets, but also large "feeler" swatches of *every* 1940 Chatham Blanket . . . swatches of every color, too, as a guide in fitting your blankets into their decorative backgrounds. Here, too, you'll find a *complete* line from which to choose and the suggested uses for each blanket—from guest room to servants' quarters. And most important of all, you'll find in this new buying method *All the Facts you'd like to know* about a blanket, stated in simple, understandable language. At the left is a typical example of the "Specifications" printed on every Chatham label.

There's no "guesswork" in buying blankets in this modern way. You'll save money as well as time, for Chatham offers outstanding dollar-for-dollar *value*, whether your requirements call for inexpensive, part-wool blankets or the loveliest, warmest and most luxurious blankets that over 60 years of experience can produce. Prices from $1.95 to $12.95.

• • •

If you do not know what store in your vicinity features the new Chatham "Selection Cabinet," write to Dept. M, The Chatham Mfg. Co., 57 Worth St., N. Y. City. Mills are at Elkin, N. C.

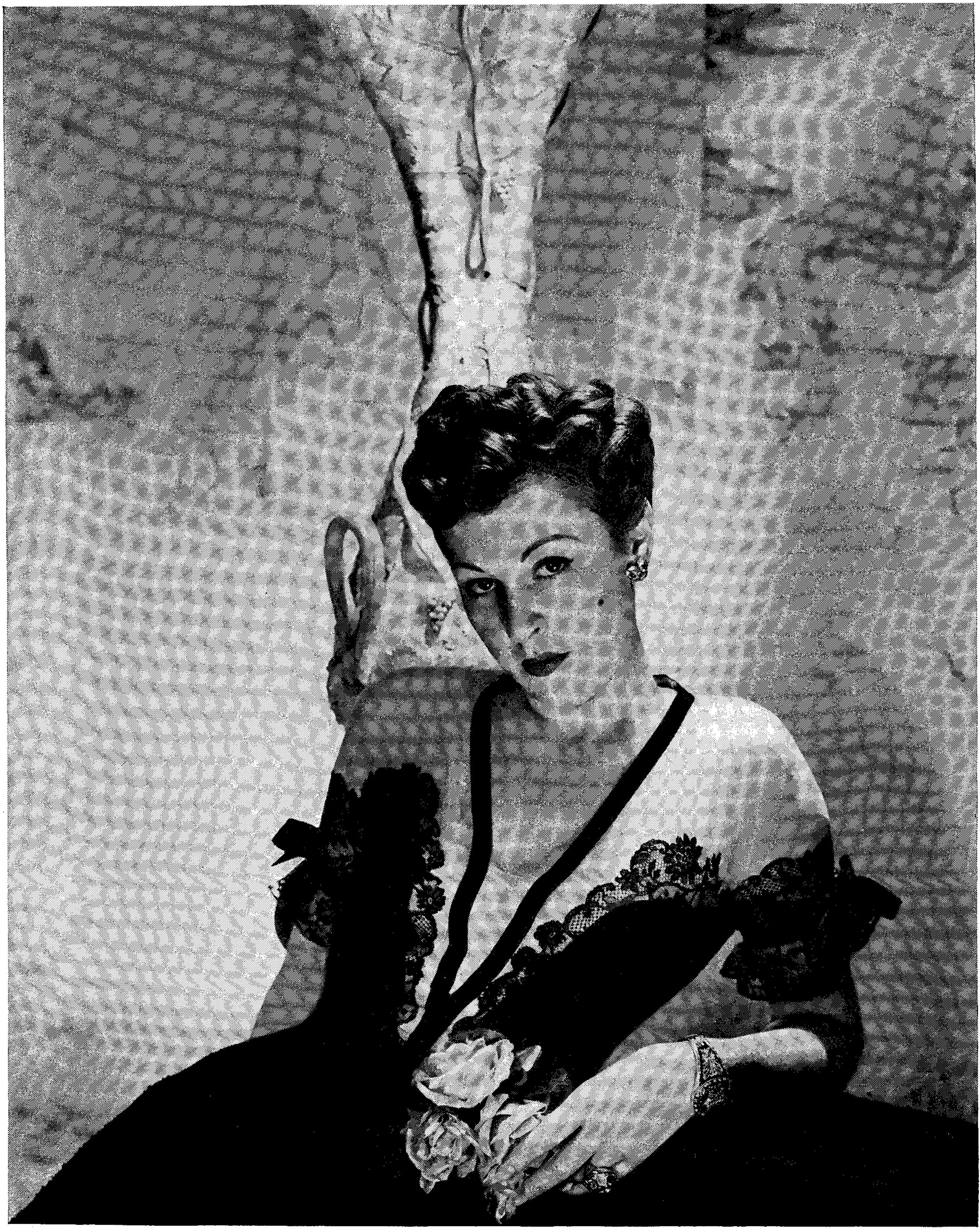
The Chatham Ronda is a heavy-weight, all-wool, "luxury" blanket which sells for about $11.00.

Direct-color photograph by
NICKOLAS MURAY at Hampshire House.

CHATHAM·BLANKETS

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

DECOR BY JAMES PENDLETON



HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Blandishment of black lace and sham nudity

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blind Alley—A revival of the psychological melodrama of 1935, in which an analyst drives a gunman to suicide. Roy Hargrave is still splendid, but the play itself may seem a bit dated. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest things around town. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—A very diverting explanation by George Kaufman and Moss Hart of what people who move out to the country can expect. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Kind Lady—Grace George is just as good as she ever was in this revival of a grand, eerie English melodrama. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very amusing comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given it a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Nov. 2.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way, but, at the same time, pretty funny. With Gypsy Rose Lee, Bert Lahr, and Cole Porter music. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1936, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and almost anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

'Tis of Thee—A revue which got its start in a summer theatre, produced by Nat Lichtman. Opens Thurs., Oct. 24. (Maxine Elliott's, 39, E. LO 5-0668. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—A Negro fantasy, with Ethel Waters, Rex Ingram, Todd Duncan, and Katherine Dunham and her dancers. The songs are by Vernon Duke, the lyrics by John Latouche, and the whole thing is staged by George Balanchine. Opens Fri., Oct. 25. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Suzanna and the Elders—A comedy about a socialized community by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, with Morris Carnovsky and Haila Stoddard, and produced by Jack Kirkland. Opens Tues., Oct. 29. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, probably Thurs. and Sat. first week, Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Panama Hattie—Another B. G. De Sylva production, with Ethel Merman in the starring rôle. Cole Porter's done the music and Raoul Pène du Bois the sets. Opens Wed., Oct. 30. Benefit preview performance for the Musicians' Emergency Fund, Tues. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:30; for tickets, phone PL 3-2264. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat. first week, Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up last spring. Bob Knight's orchestra plays at the supper hour.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here now. Zebra stripes! They have Jack Towne's orchestra, too, and a rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, as you must be aware by this time. Ted Straeter's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The dine-and-dance crowd likes this place, and so should you. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. Music by Val Ernie's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room, off on a more-for-your-money spree, now has a whole floor show. In it are John Buckmaster, Dixie Dunbar, and Dick Gasparre's and Gerry Morton's orchestras. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, and Vicente Gomez. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and some other ice-skaters are back cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room. Hal Saunders' orchestra is perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske is back in the Café Lounge, singing those songs. Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. The Hartmans and Desi Arnaz are there and the music's by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—A couple of sprightly Spanish dancers called Los Chavalillos Sevillanos have moved into the Sert Room, and it was a good move. Carol Bruce comes in at supper, and Eddy Duchin's orchestra and a rumba band are around practically all the time. Formal dress required. . . . Kay Kyser's orchestra is in the informal Empire Room. . . . Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon, Paula Lawrence, some Calypso singers, and a new stage arrangement that gives everybody a little more room. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, among others, on top of an office building. . . . **ALGONQUIN**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): this has just reopened, with Greta Keller playing hostess and Cy Walter playing the piano. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, the young pianists, are among the entertainers here.

Miscellaneous—At the **MONTPARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it, too. Two orchestras play for dancing. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers. Val Olman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **CLUB CUBA**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. . . . **PAGO PAGO CLUB**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): another tropical one, in the old but much done-over American Music Hall. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a new place with all those Negro entertainers who used to be down in the Village—Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's band, and the Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Shep Fields' orchestra. No danc-

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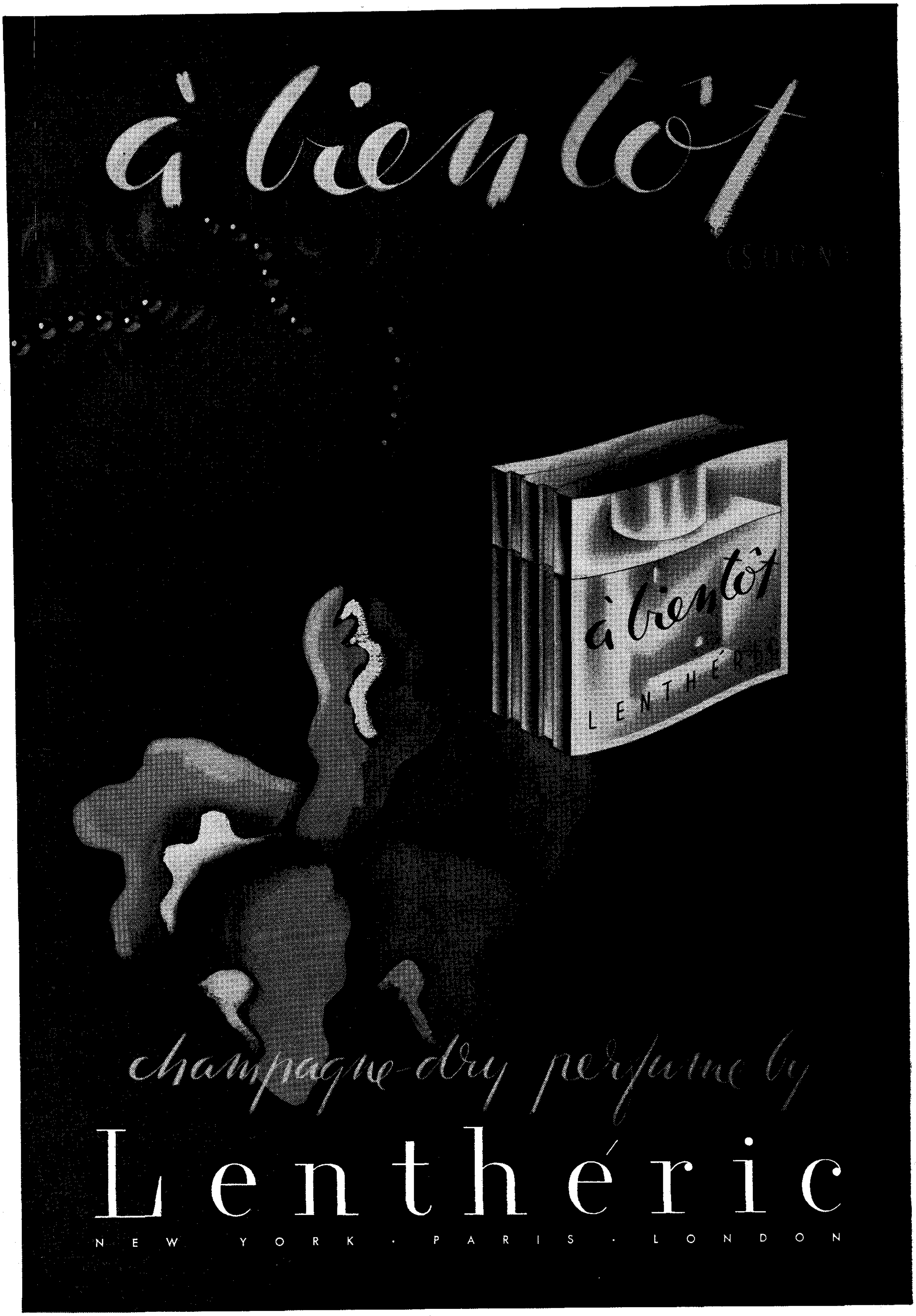
à bientôt
(SOON)
à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC
champagne-dry perfume by
Lenthéric
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

ing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): Sonny Kendis's orchestra through Sat., Oct. 26, after which John Kirby's band and Maxine Sullivan will be there nightly, except Mon. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Teddy Powell's large band is the main attraction. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Billie Holiday, Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Spirits of Rhythm.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

ANDRÉ—Tasteful, capably done oils by an Impressionist of the old school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

BARRAUD—First American exhibition of paintings by this Swiss artist, who died in 1934: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

BOUDIN—Some seldom-seen oils and water colors by the early nineteenth-century master of landscape: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH—Paintings by Derain, de Segonzac, Dufy, Matisse, and other French masters, and sculptures by Degas, Despiau, and Maillol: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:3c P.M.; through Nov. 9.

DI CHIRICO—Early paintings by a leading Italian exponent of surrealism: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 23.

DOBKIN—Twenty-nine paintings, constituting the first major exhibition by this artist: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

DOVE, MARIN, O'KEEFFE—Some particularly fine Marins, both early and late, in a generally interesting group retrospective: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

EARLY AMERICAN—Portraits, some having considerable distinction, in a collection that includes almost all the well-known Colonial painters—Stuart, Copley, etc.—as well as several who are less well known: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE—Twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition of this famous East Side art school, featuring works by such distinguished alumni as Chaim Gross, Peter Blume, Philip Evergood, and many others: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

GROSSER—Paintings of Negro cabins in the South, by an artist who heretofore has been known mostly for his still lifes: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: over a hundred painters in the annual pre-season jury show. Mainly young, they have turned out pieces that are lively, exploratory, and generally refreshing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: fifth anniversary exhibition by Curry, Grosz, Ruellan, and others in this gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: water colors and black-and-whites by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: Doris Rosenthal, Frederick Taubes, and others in the annual group show of oils, water colors, and sculptures. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** now at 43 E. 51: big housewarming exhibition, ranging from early American folk art to such moderns as Levi, Kuniyoshi, and Sheeler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 16.

KLEE—A hundred paintings and water colors in a memorial show of this artist's work that's likely to remain the definitive one for some time. Well worth seeing: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, both at 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

LEBDUSKA—Recent paintings by one of the most ingratiating of the modern primitives: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Cândido Portinari. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICANS—Fifteen canvases by George Inness, and about as many by a number of his contemporaries: Findlay, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

PORTRAITS—Pleasant things by Marjorie Ryerson and Henriette Wyeth in a generally conservative collection: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

POST-IMPRESSIONISTS—Eighteen paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec, many of them never before shown in this country: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

HERE AND THERE—At **HOLLAND HOUSE,** 10 Rockefeller Plaza: an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by modern Dutch artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 8. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: paintings by Darrel Austin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Revington Arthur. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: oils by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: water colors and oils by Laura Chanler and Lawrence Grant White. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 26. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: sculpture by Irma Rothstein. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M. (also Thurs., and Sun. Eves., 8 to 10); through Oct. 28. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: first exhibition of primitives by the eighty-year-old Anna Mary Moses. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: retrospective show of drawings and prints by Wanda Gág. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: water colors by Allen Ingles Palmer. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 9. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Bouché, Glackens, Sloan, Guy Pène du Bois, Schnakenberg, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: Henry Major shows landscapes of Cape Cod and portraits. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **UPTOWN,** 240 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Baylinson, Harsanyi, Maurer, and other contemporary Americans. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

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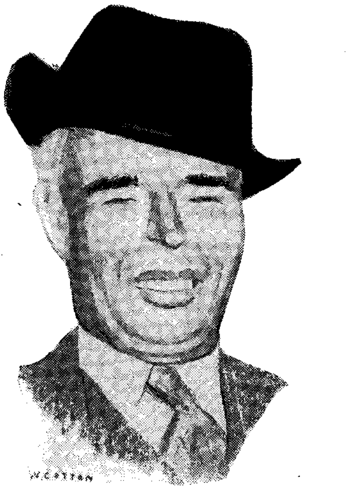

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN,

now in our city for the first time in ten years; we needn't say why. He's living at the River Club and has been making the rounds with H. G. Wells and Constance Collier, both old friends of his. It's hard for him to sit through a movie, even one of his own, but he intends to see as many plays as possible while he's here. As for the future, he says that if Bernard Shaw can be prolific at eighty-four, so can he.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 27, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 1, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8:30 (benefit, with only part of the personnel). Soloists: Vronsky and Babin, Oct. 24, 25, and 27; Kaminsky, Oct. 31-Nov. 1; Ricci and Kent, Nov. 2. . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra and the Manhattan Chorus in the first of a series of concerts sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Oct. 27, at 8:45.

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Klemperer conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Oct. 30, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Artur Rubinstein, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 8:30; Fritz Kreisler, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 2:30; Jascha Heifetz, Wed. Eve., Oct. 30, at 8:45. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Tues. Eve., Oct. 29, at 9.

TOWN HALL—Arthur Loesser and Beryl Rubinstein, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 8:30; Katherine Bacon, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 3; New Friends of Music (Budapest String Quartet and soloists), Sun. Aft., Oct. 27, at 5:30; Michael Rosenker and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Sun. Eve., Oct. 27, at 8:30; Abbey Simon, Mon. Aft., Oct. 28, at 2:45; Jan Smeterlin, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 8:30; Viola Wasterlain, Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 3.

ELSEWHERE—At the **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Fritz Kreisler, Tues. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.) . . . **HOTEL PIERRE:** Oscar Thompson will discuss "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Marcelle Denya and Mack Harrell will sing illustrative selections from the opera in the first of a series of lecture-recitals sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild, Wed. Aft., Oct. 30, at 3:15. (RE 4-2408.)

BALLET

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Leonide Massine and his company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Vienna—1814," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 24. . . . "Poker Game," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "The Nutcracker," Fri. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "Serenade," "Poker Game," and "The Nutcracker," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "Coppelia," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sun. Aft., Oct. 27. . . . "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Schéhérazade," Sun. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "Vienna—1814," Mon. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "Serenade," "The New Yorker," and "Boutique Fantasque," Tues. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "Schéhérazade" and "The Nutcracker," Wed. Eve., Oct. 30. . . . "Schéhérazade," "The New Yorker," and "Vienna—1814," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The New Yorker," "Bacchanale," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Fri. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2. . . . "Poker Game," "The Nutcracker," and "The New Yorker," Sat. Eve., Nov. 2. (51st Street Theatre,

1941 MERCURY 8

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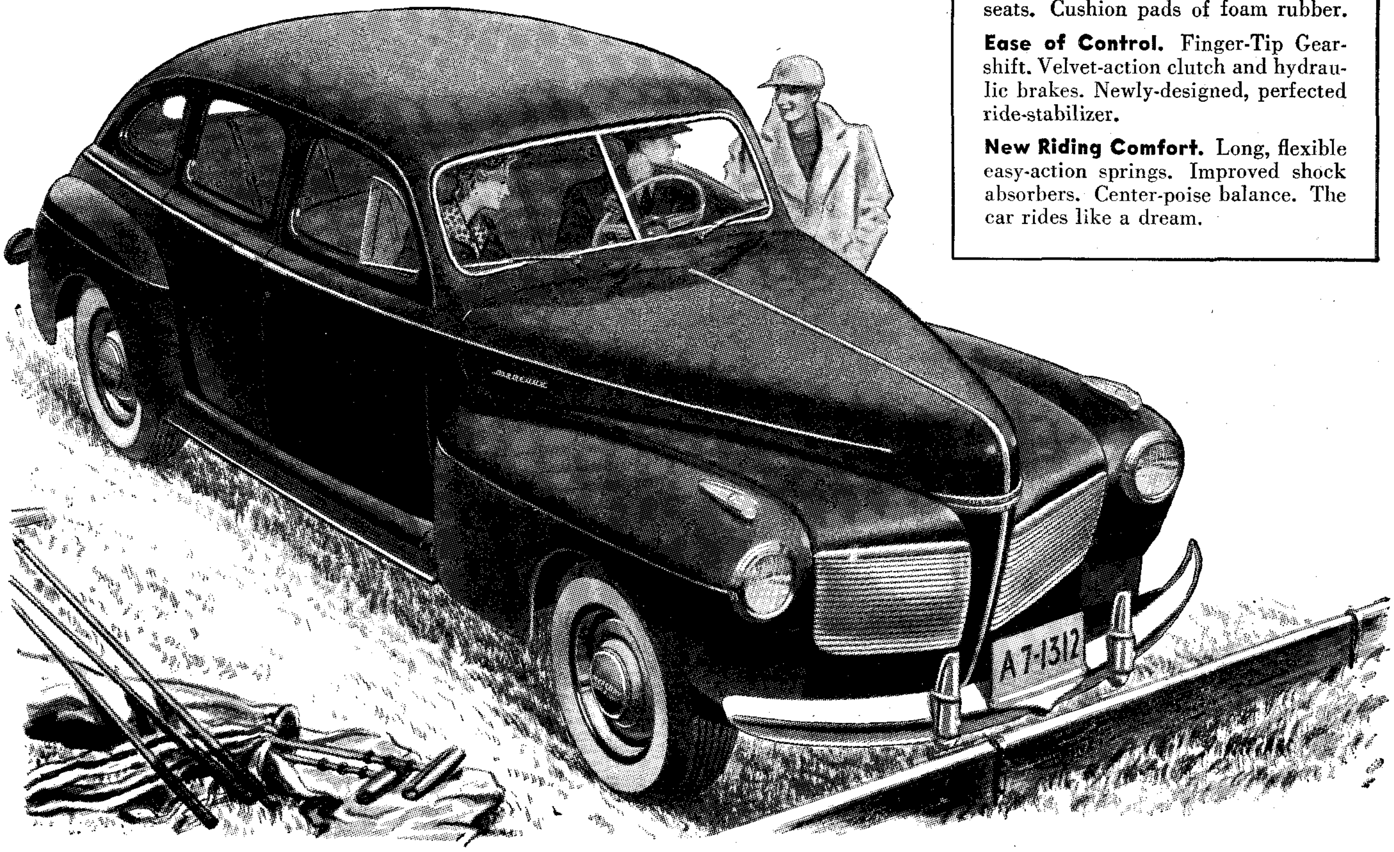


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Steve Belloise, for the middleweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Football—On **SAT. AFT., OCT. 26:** Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Army vs. Lafayette, West Point, at 2; Cornell vs. Ohio State, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, at 2; Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, at 2; Yale vs. Navy, New Haven, at 2.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 2: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30; Fordham vs. North Carolina, Polo Grounds, at 2; Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Philadelphia, at 2; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8 A.M. (arriving South Station, Boston, 12:40 P.M.); for Princeton, from Penn. Station, special train, 12:20 P.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Station, 11:30 A.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Sun. Aft., Oct. 27, at 2:30: Giants vs. Chicago, Polo Grounds.

Hunt Races—Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Sat., Oct. 26, at 1:45 P.M. . . . Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa., Sat., Nov. 2, at 1:30 P.M. . . . West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L.I., Sat., Nov. 2, at 1:45 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 2. Scarsdale and Ardsley Handicaps, Oct. 26. Autumn Day Stakes and Westchester Handicap, Nov. 2. (Special trains will leave Grand Central weekdays at 12:40 and 1:10 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Political Rallies—The Democrats, with President Roosevelt on hand, and the Republicans, with Wendell Willkie, will meet in Madison Square Garden on the nights of Oct. 28 and Nov. 2, respectively.

Rodeo—Madison Square Garden: performances nightly at 8:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 2:30; through Oct. 27.

Benefits—Champagne Ball, for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 9. . . . Canadian Club entertainment for British war relief: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., Oct. 28, at 8:30. . . . Bowl of Rice Ball, with dinner and entertainment, for the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 7:30.

Antiques Exposition—Over a hundred and fifty *antique-dealers exhibiting their treasures at the* Hotel Commodore; Thurs., Oct. 24, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Fri., Oct. 25, from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Fashion Exhibition—Costumes and hats done by some of our best contemporary designers, with the help of background material provided by the Museum of Costume Art, where the exhibit is being held: 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Paintings by the late Harry W. Watrous, belonging to the artist's estate: Fri. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2. . . . Early American furniture, Staffordshire lustreware and spatterware, and Currier & Ives lithographs, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Sheldon: Sat. Aft., Oct. 26, at 2. . . . Autograph letters, manuscripts, and rare books, collected by the late John Gribbel: Wed. through Fri. Eves., Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., Oct. 31, at 2.

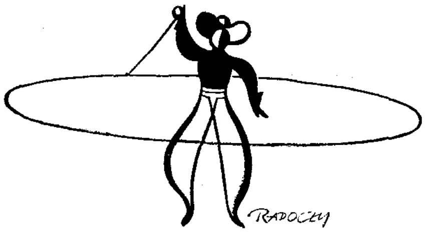
KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Oriental art and curios, American, English, and Continental furniture, and Roman glass, from the collections of Burton Holmes and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Oct. 24-25, at 2. . . . Contemporary *American paintings, including* works by Brackman, Philipp, Luks, Corbino, and Lebduska, belonging to H. Leonard Simmons: Wed. Aft., Oct. 30, at 2; and Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

President Roosevelt—Thurs. Aft., Oct. 24, at 4:15, WJZ, and at 4:45, WABC, WOR; Mon. Eve., Oct. 28, at 10, WJZ; Wed. Eve., Oct. 30, at 10:15, WABC; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 9, WABC.

Wendell Willkie—Mon. Eve., Oct. 28, at 10:30, WABC; Tues. Eve., Oct. 29, at 10:30, WEAF; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 10:15, WABC.

Football—Sat. Aft., Oct. 26: Yale vs. Navy, at 1:45, WOR; Michigan vs. Pennsylvania, at 1:45, WABC, and at 2, WJZ. . . . Sat. Aft., Nov. 2: Army vs. Notre Dame, at 1:15, WABC; Yale vs. Brown, at 1:45, WOR.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Symphony Orchestras—N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting (soloists, Vronsky and Babin), Sun. Aft., Oct. 27, at 3, WABC; Ganz conducting (Young People's Concert), Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11:05, WABC. . . . Ford Symphony, Kolar conducting (soloist, José Iturbi), Sun. Eve., Oct. 27, at 9, WABC. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

Dance Bands—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Tommy Dorsey, Thurs. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC. . . . Eddy Duchin, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

This and That—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves., at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ. . . . "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Arise, My Love—Lively item for Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, with Europe and the war as the background of their bright affair. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Baker's Wife—French and sprightly and unusual. Of a small village in France and the troubles a pretty wife can make for an older husband. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Boom Town—Oil wells and such things, and a chance to see Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy. (Rio, B'way at 160; through Mon., Oct. 28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Oct. 25-29. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Wed., Oct. 30.)

Daybreak—If you're a Jean Gabin fancier, here he is in another French film—as a murderer with a likable streak. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Oct. 28.)

Foreign Correspondent—A lively thriller for the true thriller-lover—Europe, the war, spies, transatlantic planes, blackouts, and Alfred Hitchcock's direction. With Joel McCrea and many an expert. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 28. . . . State, B'way at 45; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 30.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty on the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 6 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous on weekdays from 10 A.M. and on Sun. from 11:45 A.M.)

The Great McGinty—Muriel Angelus and Brian Donlevy see that you get your money's worth in a tale of a political grafter. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed., Oct. 30. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 30-31. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

I Love You Again—William Powell and Myrna Loy, *well supported and well directed, in a practically* irresistible comedy about amnesia. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 26-29. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 29-31. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 29-30. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

The Long Voyage Home—Eugene O'Neill's famous early one-act plays made into one beautiful film, interpreted and directed by John Ford. Of the sea, the men upon it, and the current war zone. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Man I Married—A sober, sharply pointed tale of Germany in 1938. Well played by a cast headed by Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 26-28.)

Pride and Prejudice—You'll be surprised how much Jane Austen this handsome film assays. Greer Garson emerges as one of the cinema's best bets, and there's Laurence Olivier, too. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Oct. 25. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Wed., Oct. 30.)

The Ramparts We Watch—America from 1914 up to this minute, as described by the March of Time *in its first full-length feature. Not as strenuous* as you might expect. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 25. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., Oct. 27. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Oct. 28.)

The Return of Frank James—Even if you're not a horse-opera fan, you'll like this one. Henry Fonda plays Frank James, and there's a funny courtroom sequence. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 24.)

The Westerner—A Western, but so different from the usual run that it even includes Lillie Langtry in the story. Mostly, however, Gary Cooper. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

World in Flames—Seventy minutes of familiar newsreel shots that tell the story of the last ten years in vivid highlights. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

REVIVALS

Algiers (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Tues., Oct. 29.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. and Sun., Oct. 26-27. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 26-28.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The great fantastic classic of the early era. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Sat., Oct. 26.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Racy and French. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun., Oct. 27.)

Diamond Jim (1935)—Jim Brady, of course. With Edward Arnold. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 28-29.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 25.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Oct. 25.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Yes, Shakespeare! James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and Mickey Rooney. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Sun., Oct. 27.)

The Mikado (1939)—Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Oct. 25.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat., Oct. 26.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize-winner. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 28-29.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The Shaw play. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon., Oct. 28.)

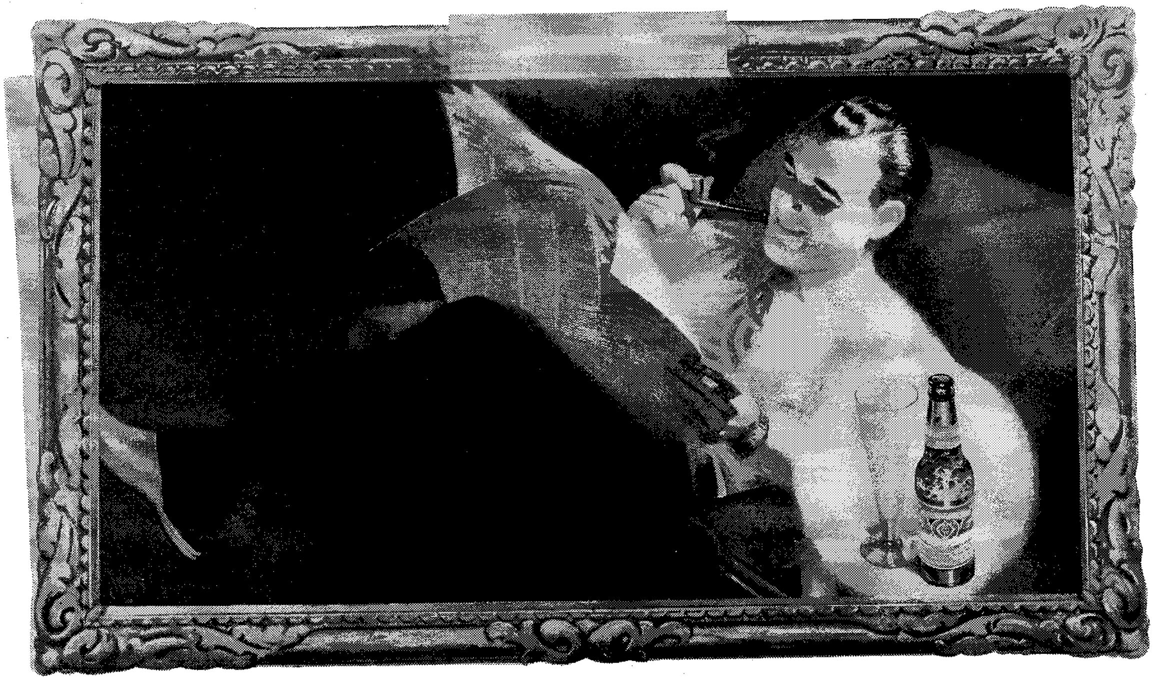
Secret Agent (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 25.)

The Story of a Cheat (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp. French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 26-29.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 26-28.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Thurs., *Oct. 24. Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920,* Fri., Oct. 25. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Sat., Oct. 26. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Sun., Oct. 27. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Mon., Oct. 28. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Tues., Oct. 29. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Wed., Oct. 30.

Portrait of a Happy Husband



By A Smart Wife

"I'd like to have you meet my husband. He's the hardest-working man I know—and the most understanding and devoted. I'm glad he finds so many things in our home that give him the kind of living he likes. Confidentially, I suspect he likes the icebox best of all. He loves to prowl there for cold cuts, pickles, sausage, cheeses and what-not . . . and top them off with his favorite beer. What's more, he's happiest when he has friends around him . . . and, by the way—we'd like to have you drop in this evening and talk about this and that and have some cold Budweiser . . . We'll be looking for you."

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Budweiser

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A Beverage of Moderation

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DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

BUDWEISER BEER
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THE WORLD'S FAIR

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE LAST-MINUTE FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Fair will close for good and all this Sunday, Oct. 27. Until then, gates will open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas will be open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there will probably let the crowds regulate their hours. The amusement area, which supposedly closes at 2 A.M., is anticipating a mardi-gras-style finale. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . If the weather's good, everything's almost sure to be crowded from now on.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit area-gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for some shifts in programs and schedules during these final days of the Fair.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Winding up with a special display of chrysanthemums and dahlias. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Last chance to see the Futurama, and, in view of the probable crowds, not a very good chance, either. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—You may want to see this once more now that they've added a Goya, a Renoir, and a van Gogh, none of them ever shown before in this country. Four hundred other paintings, too. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is presented daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—An opportunity to eavesdrop on long-distance calls and to pass the time of day with the Voder, a machine that talks like a man.

Trylon and Perisphere—Anyway, the Fair wouldn't have been the Fair without them. Admission, 25 cents.

Others of Interest—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art. . . . **AVIATION** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes. . . . **BORDEN'S** (D): cows without a care on their minds; Elsie's back with her calf. . . . **CHRYSLER** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks. . . . **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. . . . **DU PONT** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon. . . . **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just that. . . . **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals in a jungle setting. . . . **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks. . . . **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass. . . . **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Thurs. and Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **HALL OF INVENTIONS** (D): the original models of what some bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office. . . . **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively projected on several screens all at the same time. . . . **PETROLEUM** (D): it looks now as if the full-sized derrick isn't going to find any oil under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): what's been going on in television. . . . **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp. . . . **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show called the Microblitzkrieg. . . . **WORLD OF FASHION** (D): exhibits by the fabric and cosmetic people. . . . **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

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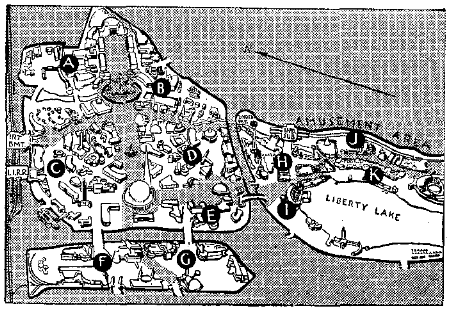
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the more attractive ones are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Sweden (D), and Italy. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.



State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has a nice beach on the lake front and a nice interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—Billy Rose's two-year hit coming to a shivering close. Eleanor Holm still heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd was a late starter, but he made this one of the best. Restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

Zombie (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway.

Some Other Places—At **BARBARY COAST** (J): the customers stand around the bar and harmonize, more or less, on the old standbys. . . . **DANCING CAMPUS** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **JUNGLELAND** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants for kids to ride on. . . . **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind. . . . **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **WINTER WONDERLAND** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; numerous performances during the late afternoon and evening.

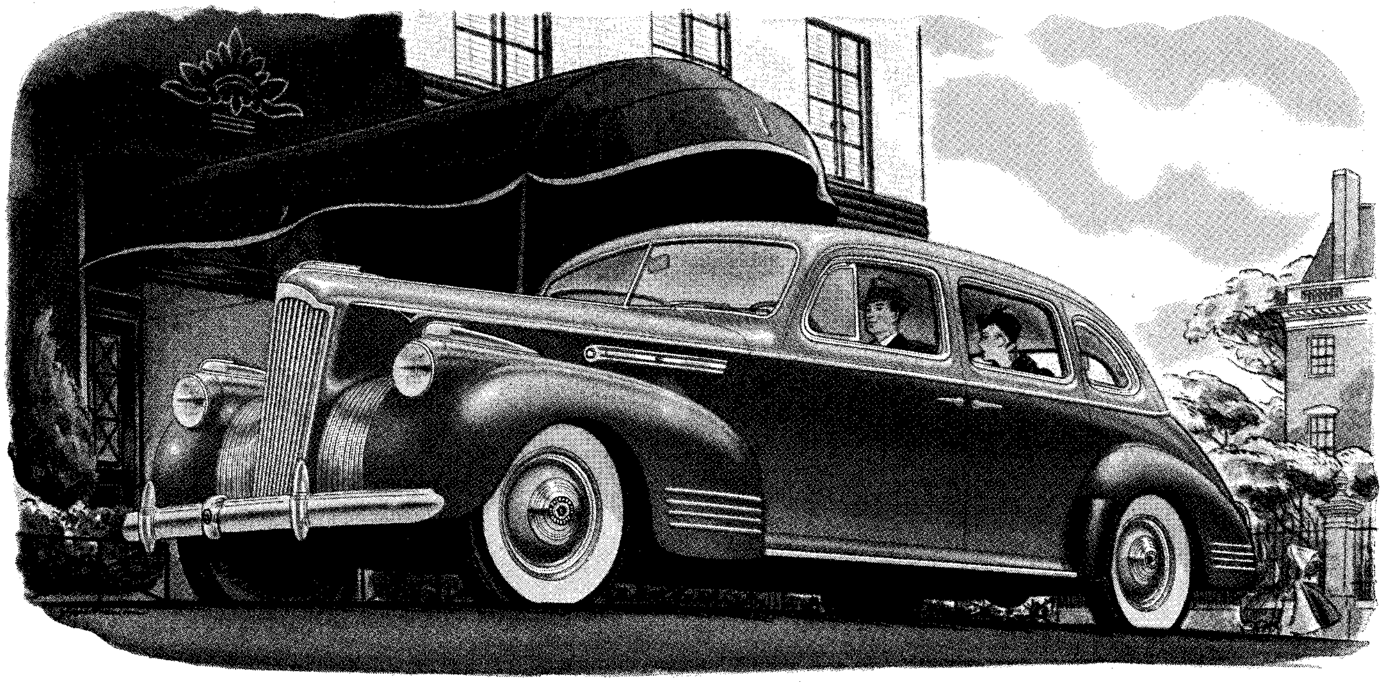
RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy now that the end is so near.)

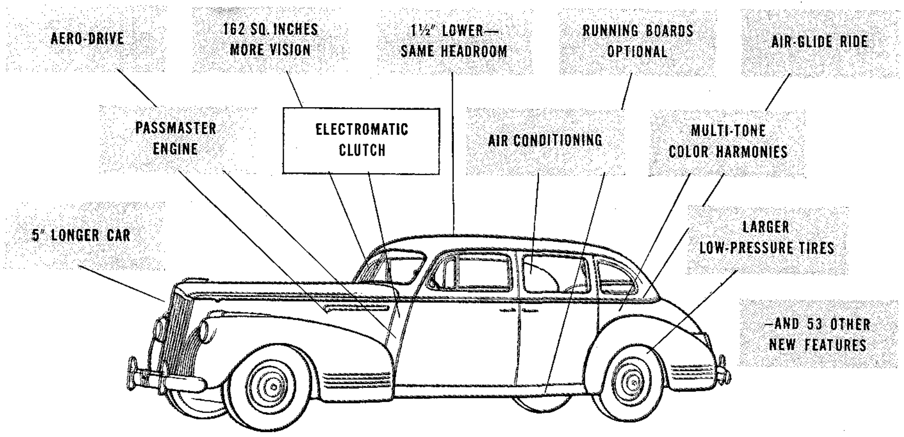
BALLANTINE'S (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering an outdoor bar. . . . **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show. . . . **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner. . . . **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting. . . . **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): simple, satisfying fare, with a flowery background. . . . **HEINEKEN'S** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **HUNGARIAN PAVILION** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes. . . . **IRAQ PAVILION** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **MCGINNIS** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings. . . . **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*. . . . **POLISH BUILDING** (A): the Polish cooking's what counts. . . . **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in these surroundings even if you never liked it before. . . . **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside. . . . **SWISS BUILDING** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out. . . . **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

Cuts your footwork in half!
Packard Electromatic Clutch



Illustrated: the new Packard One-Ten Deluxe Touring Sedan


AERO-DRIVE
162 SQ. INCHES MORE VISION
1½″ LOWER—SAME HEADROOM
RUNNING BOARDS OPTIONAL
AIR-GLIDE RIDE
PASSMASTER ENGINE
ELECTROMATIC CLUTCH
AIR CONDITIONING
MULTI-TONE COLOR HARMONIES
5″ LONGER CAR
LARGER LOW-PRESSURE TIRES
—AND 53 OTHER NEW FEATURES

ONCE YOU TOUCH THE STARTER of the new 1941 Packard, you've opened the door to amazement in motion—new and more effortless than you ever dreamed of!

For in this brilliant new Packard, your left foot loafs. It just goes along for the ride, the *car itself* operates the clutch.

The Packard Electromatic Clutch takes over the clutch operation . . . the letting-out and letting-in that used to keep your left foot so busy. This moderately-priced Packard optional feature has none of the defects that marred earlier self-operating clutches. It engages at *just the right rate,* neither too slow nor too fast. A combination of electrical and vacuum control does a smoother job of operating the clutch than *you* would do for yourself.

It has the further advantage of making the conventional foot-clutch available, if desired, by touching a button. And, in combination with the Aero-Drive, this Packard improvement not only eliminates footwork on the clutch—but reduces gear-shifting as well!

The Electromatic Clutch is only *one* of 64 bright new features that make the 1941 Packards the most exciting cars of the year. There's glamorous new Multi-tone beauty—inside and out—with no less than 261 color harmony combinations.

There's the Passmaster Engine, 10% more economical than preceding thrifty Packards. There's Aero-Drive*, giving you a dividend of *one mile free in five!* There's Air Conditioning* (a Packard *first*) which puts heat and humidity to rout with real refrigeration. There's Feather-light handling ease, Air-Glide ride,—and these are only the starting points!

Make no mistake, the new 1941 Packard is *new* from stem to stern. Longer, lower, lovelier, infinitely more luxurious, it's truly the Class of '41. See it now, and—*Ask the man who owns one!*

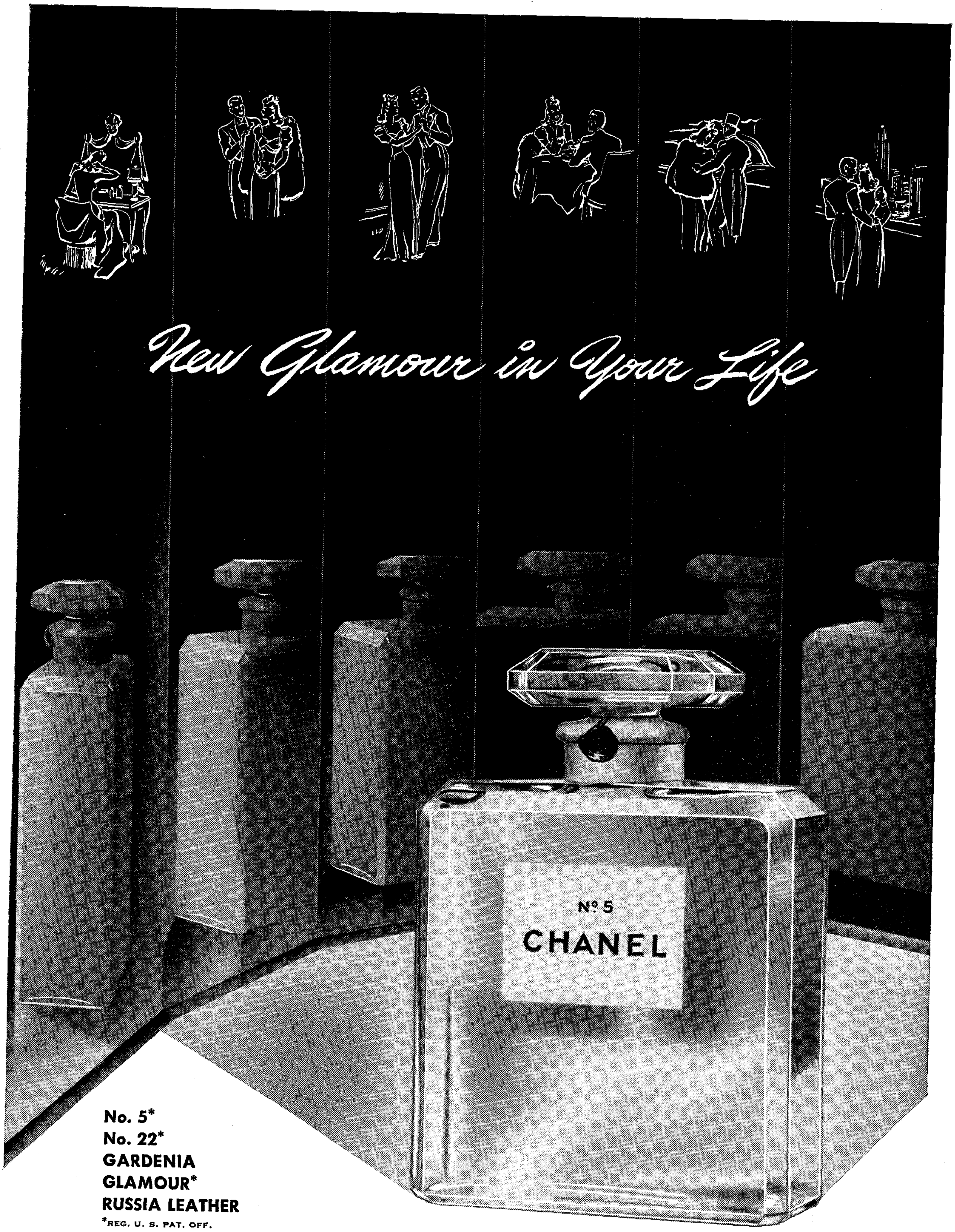
$907

to $5550

Prices delivered in Detroit, white side-wall tires and State taxes extra. *Subject to change without notice.*

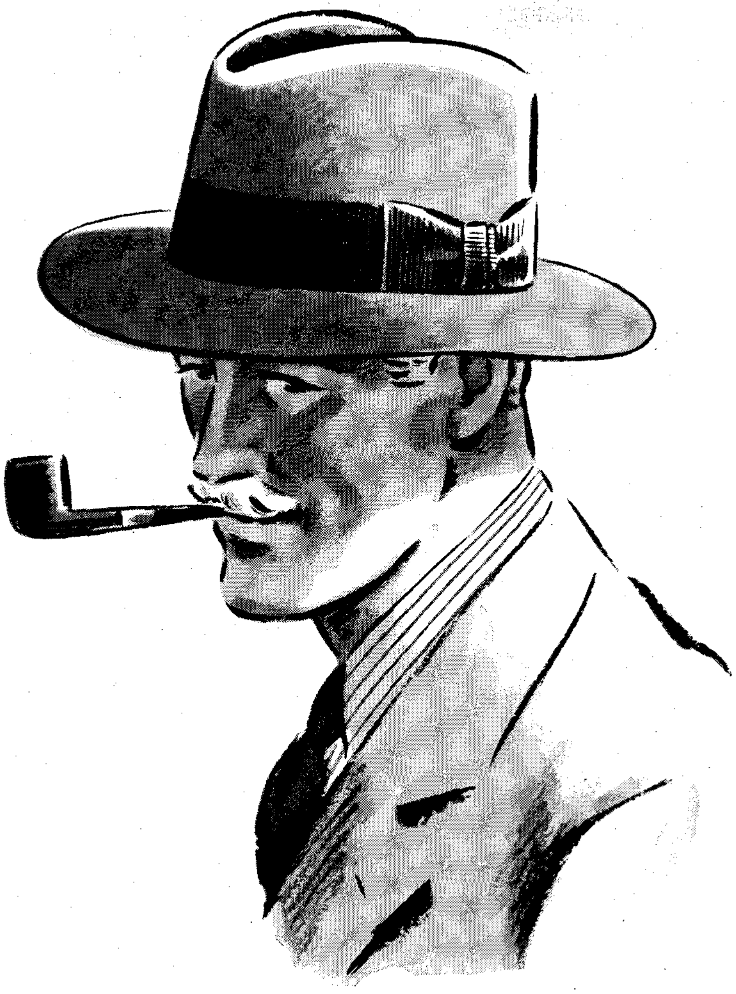
**Available at extra cost.*

NEW PACKARD—the Class of '41


New Glamour in Your Life
Nº 5
CHANEL

No. 5*
No. 22*
GARDENIA
GLAMOUR*
RUSSIA LEATHER
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CHANEL INC.

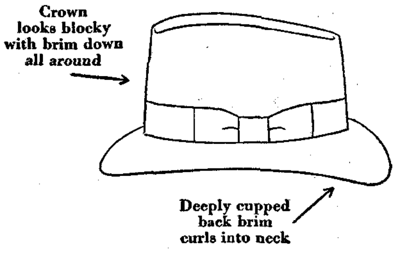


STETSON PREDICTS AN UPSWING IN **DOWN BRIMS**

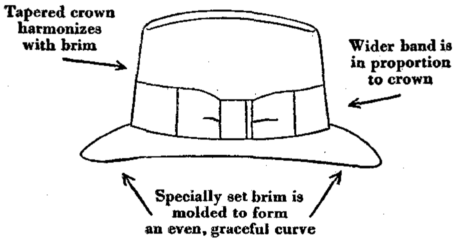
IT'S a logical compromise between the formality of the popular Homburg and the becoming nonchalance of the snap-brim. And so Stetson designed a hat especially shaped and proportioned to be worn with the brim down. Illustrated here is the new "Wickham" down-brim model, $7.50.

STETSON HATS

Why ordinary hats look wrong turned down all around


Crown looks blocky with brim down all around
Deeply cupped back brim curls into neck

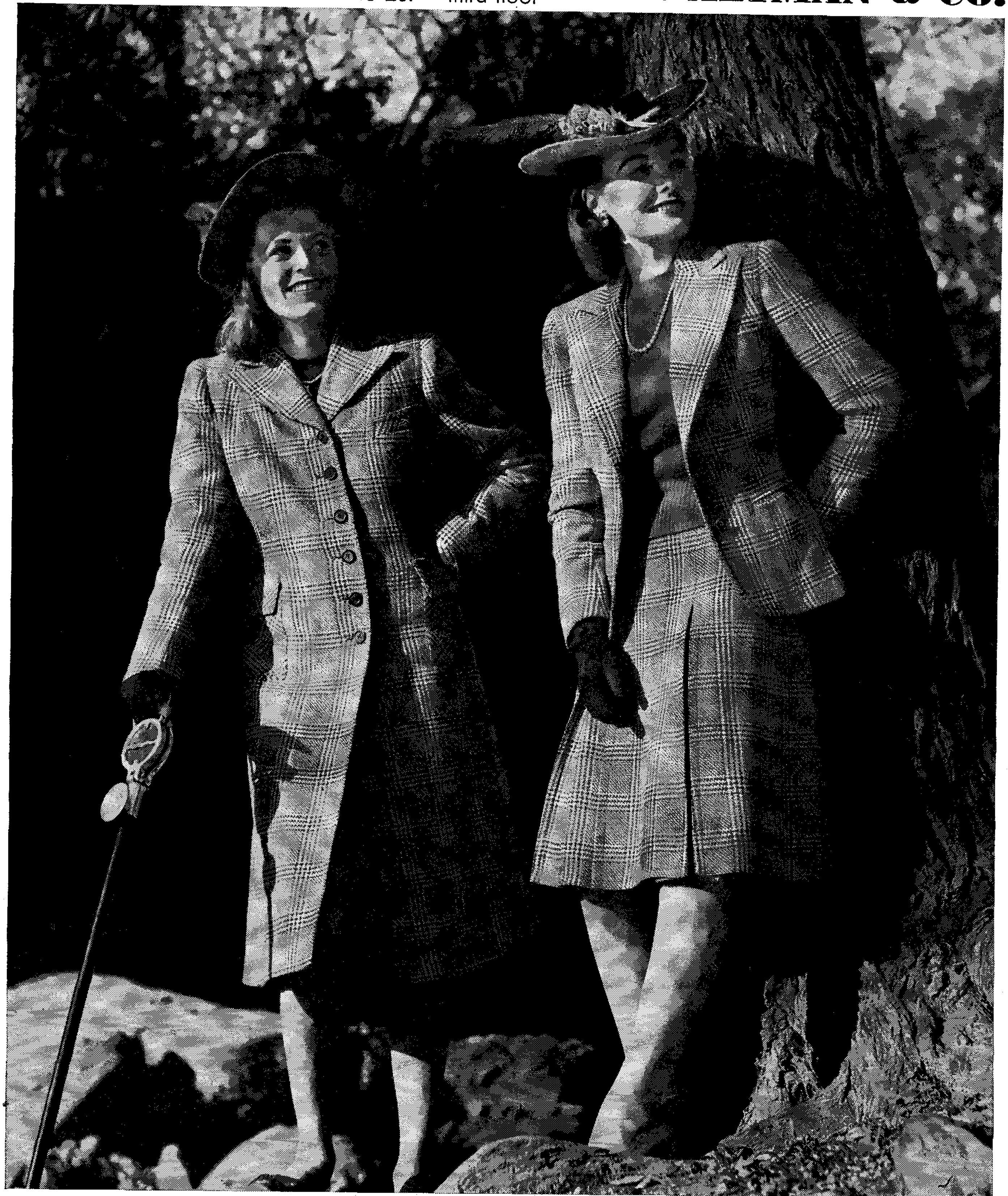
Why the Stetson Wickham looks RIGHT!


Tapered crown harmonizes with brim
Wider band is in proportion to crown
Specially set brim is molded to form an even, graceful curve

Glen plaids go to the country . . .

for race meets and horse shows, for country fairs and week-ends, their casual perfection is as much a part of rural autumn as the bright fire of turning leaves. Recurrent favorites, the two-piece suit and twin tweed topcoat, in mellow mixtures of brown or green. The suit, 35.00; the coat, 39.95. Sizes 12 to 20. third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.



FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET MU. 9-7000 ALSO AT OUR EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS SHOPS

THE NEW YORKER

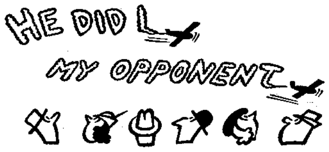
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S all over now. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, bricks to rubble, Whalen to Wanamaker's. It is hard to say what the Fair meant to us personally, or what we'll remember best about it in the long, empty years to come. Perhaps the public embarrassment of a couple trapped in a parachute that would go neither up nor down; perhaps the goose flesh on a pretty swimmer's thigh; perhaps the fact that documents proving that civilization came to its final flower in 1939 were placed in a container and buried for the entertainment of posterity; perhaps nothing. Anyway, it's over. The dream that was built on a garbage dump is history. Anyone care to buy a nice Futurama, cheap?

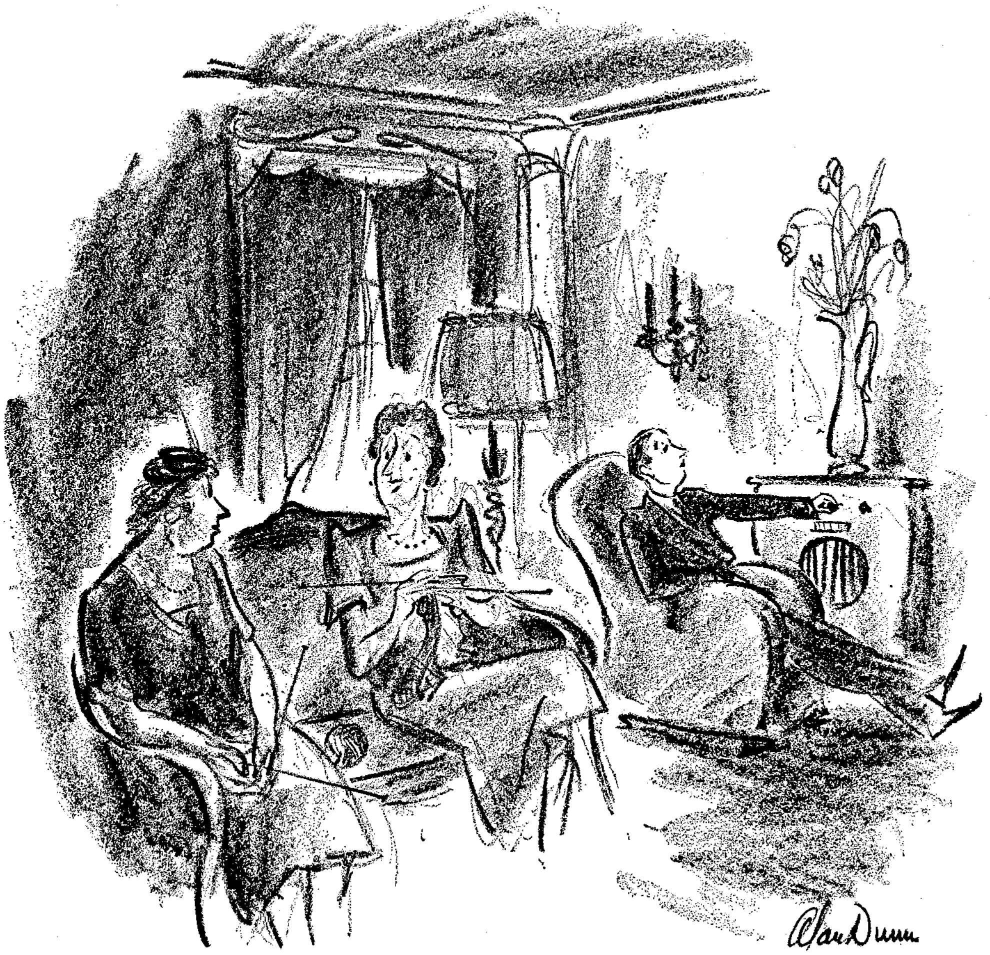
IT was a fortunate coincidence that almost simultaneously the Germans disclosed the secret of their success and the Japanese lifted the veil from the future as they see it. Suddenly everything is beginning to take a kind of shape. The Nazi Party, peering analytically into its magic mirror, reports that a new "master type" is developing. This man is characterized by a natural and perfect self-assurance, a glad acceptance of responsibility, an inclination to keep his distance from non-masters, and a measure of self-control. These qualities all come from within, and nobody can hope to turn himself into a master "by copying the way the master clears his throat and spits." These masters share with Italy and Japan, according to the Japanese Foreign Minister, a common ideal concerning the future of the world. As the Japanese see it, this ideal is based on the Hakko Ichi-u principle of universal brotherhood. "We hope to make the whole world into one great family," explains the Foreign Minister, the "we" referring to his own country, Il Duce's, and, of course, the master people. So, as we say, suddenly everything begins to take shape. We can see us all at home on a golden autumn evening, a crackling fire of principles on the hearth; Mother in her rocking chair, braiding a rag rug out of some old scraps of Chinese; Aunt Mussie out in the kitchen basting a colony; Uncle Joe splitting up some liberties in the back yard; and Father pacing the porch, full of a natural self-assurance and a sense of responsibility, keeping his distance and trying to hold his temper, pacing and clearing his throat and spitting like a master. We're going to tie a few things up in an old bandanna and slide down the drainpipe.

WENDELL WILLKIE competed with Pepsi-Cola and I. J. Fox one day recently when someone rented a corner of heaven and sent up a plane to scribble "No Third Term" across the sky. Without discussing the merits of this particular slogan, we think the firmament no place to exhibit it. Sky-writing, at any time, has definite drawbacks: nothing so much mars a calm, blue day as an aerial reminder from some soft-drink manufacturer, or furrier, that his product is better than somebody else's. Put politics—an earthy trade—into the sky, and you have inaugurated a custom that knows no bounds. In no time, each party will maintain an alert Luftwaffe of its own, poised at local airfields, ready to take off and answer, word for word, each enemy libel. Dr. Gallup, in a swift pursuit plane, will zoom madly among the syllables, trying to catch the trend. Voters, their necks sore from looking up, will henceforth look down, and vote exactly the way they intended to in the first place. If the politicians take our advice, they'll keep their thoughts on the ground.



THE cry in the world of fashion this season, we read, is "Escape!" The style dictators—and there's an expression it might be just as well to throw away—have asked themselves, "By what means could clothes detach wearers from grim reality?" We think the answer is "Take another tack." We saw the way the wind was blowing the other day, at a couple of fashion shows and the opening of the Ballet Russe; it was blowing straight into the arms of grim reality. The ladies, variously in turbans, Oriental draperies, spangles, and horizontal stripes, were trying to escape by way of Persia, the Far East, Mexico, and Yugoslavia. At the same time, Berlin was making demands of Belgrade; Turkey, a neighbor of Persia, began tossing in its sleep; Japan bombed the Burma Road; and Mexicans went on entertaining German agents. The only style we think is likely to have any enduring value this season is ear muffs.

A LOT of little things, peculiar on the whole, have been catching our eye lately. President Vargas of Brazil has taught himself to remove his socks without first taking off his shoes. Miss Clare Boothe, whose husband is employed in the slick-magazine business, urges American women to cut down their purchases of advertised luxury products. Ernest Bevin, the English Minister of Labour, says he is confi-



"It's against his principles to fight, but he's going to tell them he's willing to combat erosion."

• •

dent that the brain which can operate a fighting plane will be adequate to shape tomorrow's world, and an Assistant Surgeon General of the United States has found that air raids actually strengthen well-balanced people. At the same time, Police Commissioner Valentine has been giving a number of children ice-cream cones and medals for their aptitude with rifles, and the final exhibit at the British Pavilion at the World's Fair features a baby's gas mask.

Abraham & Straus, a Brooklyn department store, is advertising a foundation garment fitted with a brassière. It is called Abrast. *Town & Country* prophesies that café society will move itself intact to the South Sea Islands, setting up a new Eden and getting out from under, both at once. By a ruling of Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt, the amount of arsenic and lead permitted to remain on pears and apples has been doubled. Errol Flynn, a motion-picture actor, is suing Constancia de la Mora, an authoress, because she wrote that he is not opposed to publicity. S. Howard Lefkowitz, president of the Neva-Moth Corporation of America, has announced that his firm will mothproof three suits and one overcoat for each draftee without charge, thus lifting, he says, one great anxiety from their minds. Miss Catherine Burke, a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl from Middletown, Delaware, wrote the *Herald Tribune* explaining why everybody ought to vote for Wendell Willkie. "I am enclosing a summation of my thoughts on the political situation," she began, and the editors obligingly printed the whole thing under a two-column head.

From far-off South Africa, Lord Baden-Powell, head of all the Boy Scouts in the world, has sent a message to children everywhere, saying, "In spite of its horrors, the war, like every dark cloud, has its brighter side," and Merwin K. Hart, president of the New York Economic Council, is urging members of the Union League Club to help him stamp out the word "democracy." Just little items we found ourself reading twice for one reason or another. Probably nothing to bother your head about.

Defined

IF you set out, as the Department of Labor recently did, to compile a Dictionary of Occupational Titles, you're bound to bump into all sorts of difficulties. One hurdle, at least, the Department of Labor took right in its stride. You'll find it on page 904: "STRIP-TEASE ARTIST; *peeler; strip-tease dancer; strip teaser; strip woman; stripper; teaser* (amusement and recreation). Walks about stage in accompaniment to music, and gradually divests herself of clothing. May also dance and sing."

Museum Baby

IN the course of a Profile on the Metropolitan Museum in this magazine last spring it was recorded that a Museum attendant, mistaking the precise social nature of the event, once brought his wife and baby to a formal evening reception at the Metropolitan, and that on this occasion the late J. P. Morgan, president of the Museum, tactfully proclaimed the baby a Fellow for Life—a position in the Museum's membership hierarchy which is ordinarily gained only by presenting $1,000, or its equivalent in art, to the institution. We have followed this matter up, and are able to report that the baby was Virginia Marie Burbige, and that she is now a handsome young woman of thirty-two, a resident of Queens, a clerk at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and a loyal occasional visitor to the Museum. We called on Miss Burbige at her house, which she shares with her mother, and learned that she was only six months old when Mr. Morgan dubbed her Fellow, thus causing her name to appear in the Museum's latest annual report between those of Mrs. David K. E. Bruce and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. Virginia's distinction dates from January 4, 1909, when her mother took her to an evening reception held at the Metropolitan for the opening of a loan exhibit of German paintings sent over by the Kaiser.

Mrs. Burbige is German, and moreover had dabbled in painting as a girl; her husband, an electrician who was filling out a few weeks during an electricians' strike by working as a guard in the Museum, thought it would be nice for her to see some German pictures. He got hold of a ticket and gave it to her. She brought Virginia along because she had no nurse to leave her home with. Virginia doesn't remember a thing about the evening, but her mother recalls that an important-looking gentleman came up to her and said, "That's the youngest art enthusiast I ever saw in the Museum." He asked if he could hold the baby, and Mrs. Burbige said yes. Virginia seized the gentleman's fingers, or one of them, and said "Dada." This seemed to captivate the gentleman. "Boy or girl?" he asked. "Girl," said Mrs. Burbige. "I'll make her a Fellow," said the gentleman, surprising Mrs. Burbige immensely. Virginia's admirer took her name and address, patted her on the cheek, and went off. Mr. Burbige, who was hovering in the background, keeping one eye professionally on the guests and another uneasily on his family, rushed over and asked Mrs. Burbige what J. P. Morgan had said. She was immeasurably more surprised than ever.

Then, as now, Morgan partners were men of their word, and the very next afternoon's mail brought Virginia a framed document, signed "J. P. Morgan, president." It was headed "The Metropolitan Museum of Art" and read, "This is to certify that Virginia Marie Burbige is a Fellow for Life of the Museum and as such entitled to the privileges which now or hereafter may be connected with such Fellowship." A few weeks later, the Burbiges received a letter from the Morgan office stating that Mr. Morgan had put up the $1,000 necessary to procure Virginia's Life Fellowship and had also set aside $5,000 for her to study art in Europe after she had passed her eighteenth birthday. Virginia began to receive the Museum's *Bulletins,* reports, and invitations to receptions and the annual dinner. When she was four, she commenced to attend the receptions, generally in the company of a cousin of hers who was a schoolteacher. Wealthy Museum patrons greeted Virginia with deference on these occasions, and she remembers them as part of a rosy dream. Her career as a Morgan protégée, we regret to state, had a rather unhappy ending. She stopped going to the receptions when she was fourteen, because her father, who has since died, couldn't afford to give her the clothes she considered adequate for these functions. Encouraged by the prospect of the Morgan $5,000, she studied art at St. John's Academy, in Brooklyn, but by the time she was eighteen, one of her eyes gave her such trouble that her doctor forbade further art study. The $5,000 remained in the Morgan estate. "Now all I have is the honor of being a Fellow," she remarked to us. She feels agreeably possessive when she visits the Museum, however. Between visits she does a good deal of dancing. She has won three cups in Charleston contests, and thinks she is the only one of the Metropolitan's hundred and seventy-five Fellows for Life, among whom are Miss Mabel Choate, Grenville L. Winthrop, and Albert Eugene Gallatin, to achieve a record of this sort.

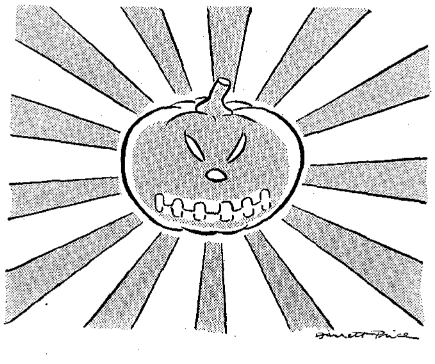
No baby has ever crashed a Museum reception since Virginia, but it is generally felt at the Metropolitan that if one should, Mr. George Blumenthal, the present president, would be equal to the emergency.

Drug on the Market

A FRIEND of ours who makes an occasional purchase at a midtown stationery and office-supply shop has long been fascinated by a particularly adenoidal moose head which constitutes a permanent part of the stock in trade. The other day he and the proprietor got to talking about the moose head's lack of sales appeal. "Right now I'd be glad to sell it for what it cost me to have it stuffed—thirty-eight bucks," the proprietor said. "But you know how it is. Nobody's buying luxuries."

Plum Puddings

PLUM-PUDDING addicts will be glad to learn that a plentiful supply of English puddings will arrive in time for the holidays, war or no war. We have this from Mr. Crawford S. Norris, a genial Irishman who imports one-third of all the English plum puddings eaten in this country, plus many other delicacies, like toffee, marmalade, biscuits, and potted tongue. Mr. Norris has ordered $10,000 worth of puddings from Yeovil, a little town in the west of England, and partial shipments have begun trickling in on British freighters. Not a single pudding has been lost at sea so far, though a few were destroyed, without loss of human life, when the Germans bombed Yeovil recently. Orders from American jobbers have increased about ten per cent this year. Mr. Norris thinks this is because of our heightened interest in England. He personally happens not to like plum pudding. "I wouldn't be caught dead eating the stuff," he told us.



Cleveland and San Antonio are, for some reason, great plum-pudding towns, Mr. Norris says. Big New York dealers—Hammacher Schlemmer, Vendôme, Maison Glass, and Gristede—buy up about half of his puddings. Not all of Norris's other imports have fared as well as his puddings. The sugar-rationing in England has affected the makers of toffee, there is a shortage of ox tongues and livers, and a much-needed shipment of Stilton was bombed at sea and the ship had to put back to port.

English dealers are often puzzled by the American interest in their food, and sometimes are not even friendly about it, Mr. Norris told us. When he approached Twining, the famous London tea merchants, for the American rights, an elderly Twining harrumphed and said, "You know, we had quite a bit of trouble over there." "Trouble?" said Mr. Norris. "Yes," said Mr. Twining, "they dumped a shipment of our tea into Boston Harbor."

Partisan

NOBODY'S in debt to Macy's, eh? Well, Wendell Willkie is, for one. A while ago, Macy's offered to print "We Want Willkie" for only nine cents extra on a certain brand of stationery. A Democratic lady we know dropped in, selected some notepaper, and asked the girl to have "We Want Roosevelt" put on it. The girl looked shocked. "That was not the offer, Madam," she said. The lady insisted, department heads were called into conference, and finally the lady was told she could have "We Want Roosevelt." There were a lot of dirty looks all around, though, and it was plain whom Macy's stationery department is rooting for.

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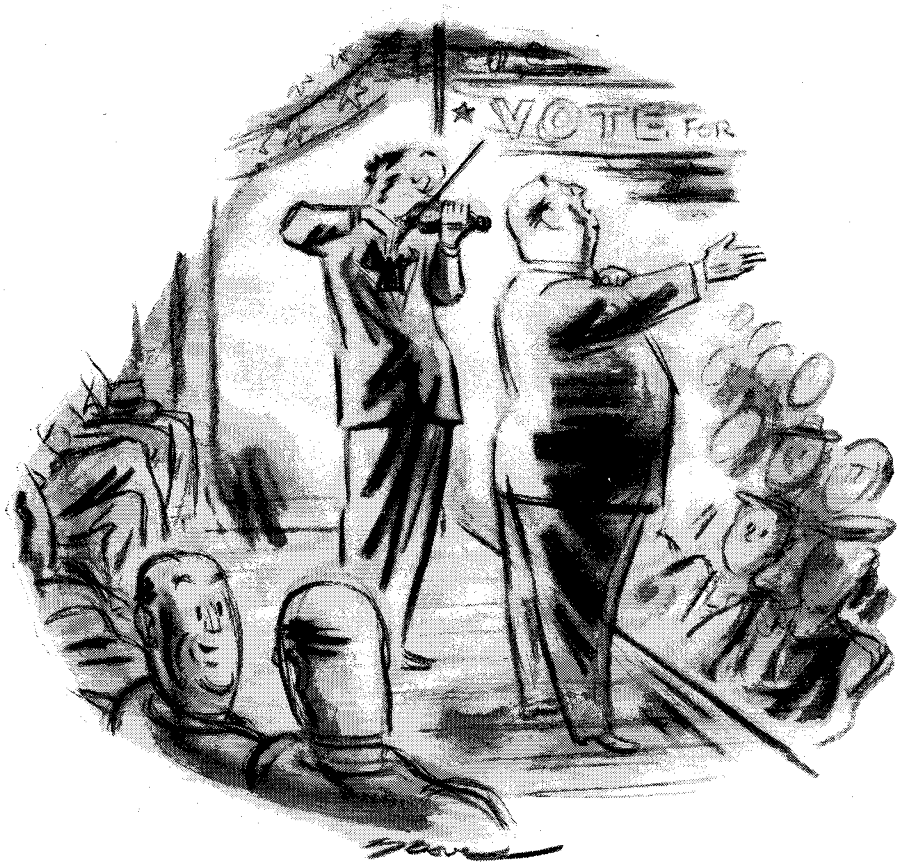
THE Harvard Club's cigar counter sells little gold-and-enamel Willkie buttons, and also has on hand a supply of R–s-v-lt buttons in the same style. Willkie was leading, fourteen sales to one, until last week, when one eccentric member bought a hundred and sixty-five of the other kind.

Bedtime Man

WE can't say that we've actually read one of those "Nature Stories" in the *Herald Tribune* in a long time, but we've noticed them often enough, and lately we embraced an opportunity of meeting their author, Thornton W. Burgess, when he was in town. We found him to be what you might expect, a husky, outdoor man with graying hair and a ruddy complexion. He said that his tales are called "Bedtime Stories" in all except one of the sixty-some papers which publish them. The *Herald Tribune* called them "Bedtime Stories" until about three years ago, when some editor felt that the title wasn't suited to a morning paper. At least a third of the other papers are morning ones, too, but their editors don't seem to care. He told us he is not the inventor of the bedtime story. "It's as old as the fairy tale," he said. Another thing that Mr. Burgess disclaims the invention of is the character Peter Rabbit. He uses him in his stories, along with characters he *did* invent, such as Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, Bill Mink, Sammy Jay, Jerry Muskrat, and the like, but Peter was originated by Beatrix Potter, an Englishwoman, long before Burgess began writing.

Burgess was born on Cape Cod, and after a boyhood of ordinary schooling and odd jobs went with the Phelps Publishing Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, at five dollars a week, when he was twenty-one. In nine years he became editor of *Good Housekeeping*, which Phelps then published. He stayed with the firm until 1911, when Hearst bought the magazine and he was out of a job. Meanwhile, his wife had died and he had got into the habit of telling animal stories to his son, Thornton, Jr. When the boy, at the age of five, was taken to Chicago to visit a grandmother, the stories were sent him by mail, one every day. You can guess the rest: the manuscripts were saved, shown to friends, who showed them to publishers (Little, Brown & Co.), and in 1910 "Old Mother West Wind" came out in book form. It hasn't stopped selling yet. Ever since there's been a Burgess book at least twice a year—eighty in all—and they've sold more than five million copies. Sometime this year Mr. Burgess will chalk up his ten-thousandth story, and he's nowhere near running out of material. The tales started as a newspaper feature in the New York *Globe* on February 17, 1912, and since then have appeared six days a week. He doesn't try to write one a day, though; sometimes he does none, sometimes ten. Some take an hour, others only ten minutes. He still lives in Springfield and has remarried. He has no quarrel with life. His son is now thirty-five and lives in Los Angeles, the father of three children, all of whom read their grandfather's tales.

Mr. Burgess is positive his stories are instruments of good in children's lives, and he can point to instances. There was a youngster in Iowa who howled in fear whenever his window was opened at night. His mother wrote to Mr. Burgess and a story appeared in which Jerry Muskrat explained that he always left air spaces when he built homes. That cured the youngster. A little girl in Pennsylvania got over her terror of the dark when a story said that Whitefoot the Wood Mouse never went out until nightfall because he felt safer. Mr. Burgess is sure, too, that all his facts are true to nature; he keeps a large library at home and checks up on everything. Once he wrote a story of how Chatterer the Red Squirrel stole corn from a crib and hid it. A man in Ohio called this nonsense and said that the red squirrels on *his* place never did such things. Burgess asked him for more details. "And just as I thought," he told us, "they weren't red squirrels at all but a red variation of the gray squirrel." Old Mother West Wind knows best.

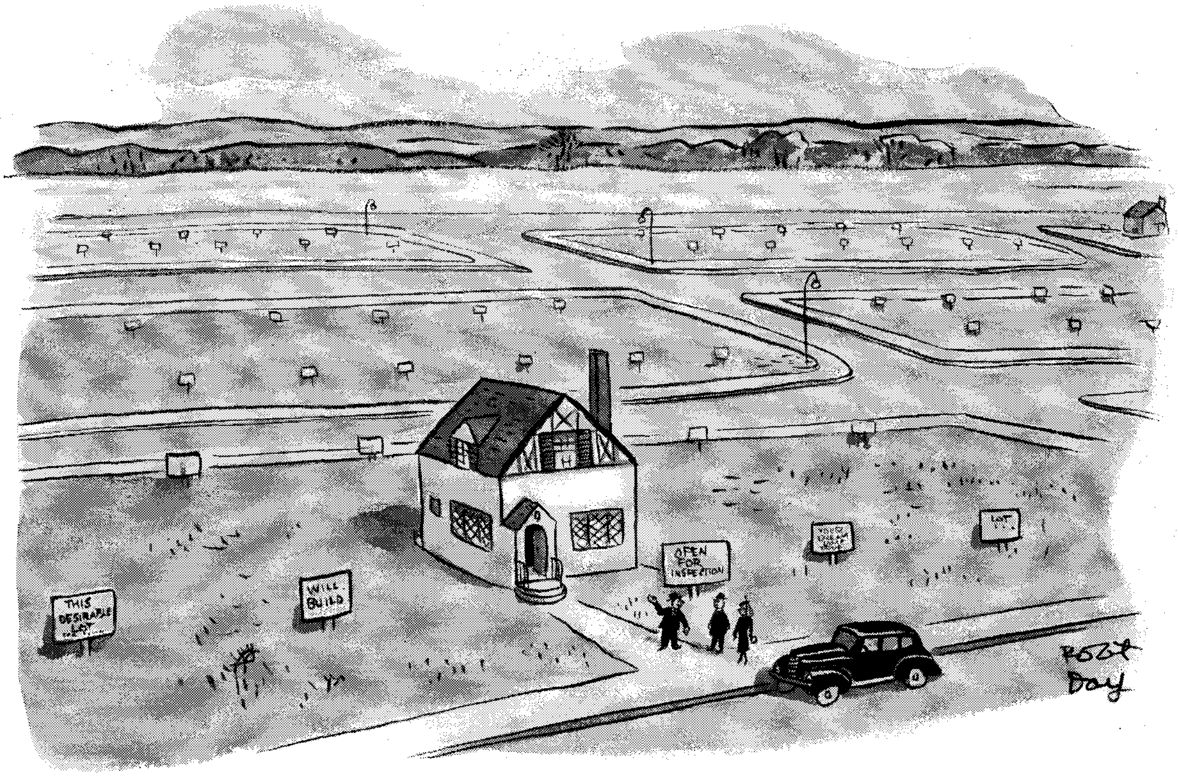


"This'll get 'em."

G-Zell

WHEN the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo moved into the Fifty-first Street Theatre, the box-office staff took precautions against the embarrassment of mispronouncing any of the titles in the repertoire by pasting up in their little cubbyhole a list of phonetic pronunciations. According to this document (we're informed by somebody who peeked), the opening bill included "Rouge & Nwah." Other attractions are "Ga-Tay Parisian," "Bay-Zay Dee La Fay," "Silfeeds," "Pee-Trus-

Ka," "Back-A-Nal," "Specktra Dee La Roze," and "G-Zell." "Poker Game" is translated, simply and unnecessarily, as "Poker Game." The only really bum steer the box-office people got was "Shera-Zoo." Get it?



"Another thing. It gets the morning sun."

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Ground Course

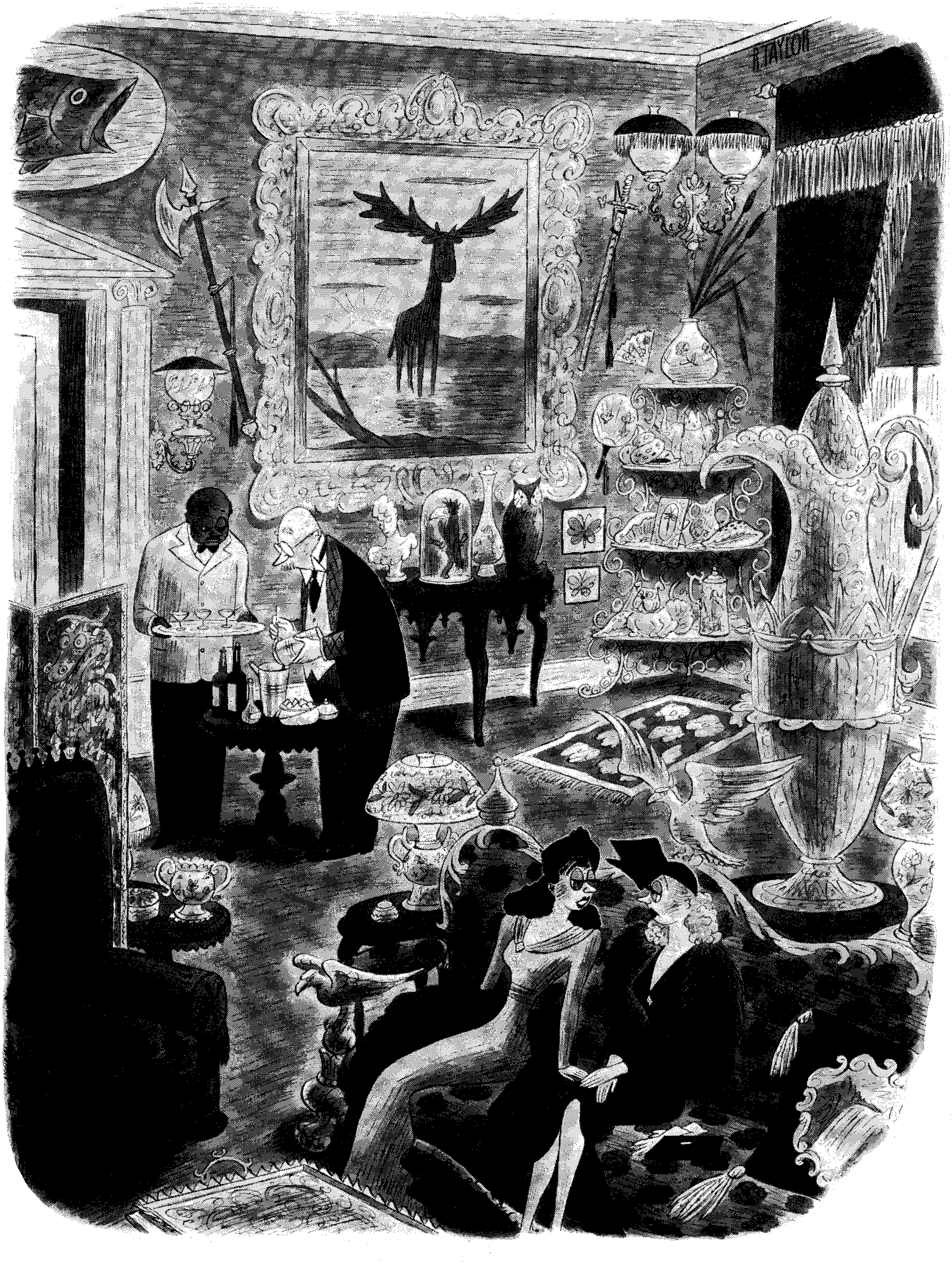
THERE'S an organization called the Women Flyers of America, Inc., which you hear about around town from time to time. We find that not all these ladies could get off the ground, even in a strong head wind, but they're gamely starting out to master aviation, so as to be helpful in the event of war. The W.F.o.A.,I., is a national organization with about five hundred members in these parts. Each member pays annual dues of $5. She can take a flying course for $275 additional, or a ground course for $25. The ground course is the more popular, possibly because it is the better bargain. It consists of a series of lectures, seven-thirty to ten every Thursday evening through next April, which starts the students at the history of aviation and eventually covers everything in the field—aerodynamics, radio, parachute-jumping, navigation, assembly of engines, electrical wiring, and first aid. The lecturers are commercial pilots who get a suitable fee for their services.

One recent Thursday we looked in on one of these lectures, in a classroom at the Cornell Medical College. Captain William Batty, wearing the blue uniform of a commercial air line, was addressing seventy-odd ladies on the subject of rainy updrafts and their effect on clouds, illustrating his points with diagrams drawn on a blackboard. It was not all clear sailing, by any means. "I suppose this is a silly question, but—" a girl in an apple-green blouse began. "No question is silly," Captain Batty said gallantly, and, as we sensed instantly, going way out on a limb. "Well, then," the girl in the apple-green blouse said, "couldn't the drafts just go on and leave the clouds behind?" The Captain got out of that somehow, but for the life of us we couldn't tell you now how he did it. He wanted to pass on to the subject of cloud formations, but the girls wouldn't let him. "Don't *you* understand what I've told you?" he asked, and there were little squeaks of "No! No!" "It's all pretty theoretical, isn't it?" an attractive member of the class remarked, dubiously.

The class adjourned for a rest period, and we talked to a lady who told us, among other things, that the Women Flyers of America number among their members such well-known ladies as Helen Menken, Katharine Hepburn, Miss Evalyn Walsh McLean, and Mrs. Ogilvie Druce, the first woman to ride in an airplane (she went up with Wilbur Wright, way back). The ladies of the ground course are of various social classes: suburban matrons, stenographers, débutantes, and students. When the class was again called to order, Captain Batty boldly lunged into the subject of clouds, and defined ten basic types—cirrus, stratus, cumulus, nimbus, cirro-stratus, alto-stratus, cirro-cumulus, strato-cumulus, alto-cumulus, and cumulo-nimbus. He described all of these minutely, giving all a clean bill of health except the cumulo-nimbus, which is evidently a bastard. "Anybody would be absolutely crazy to fly through one in a light plane," Captain B. said, explaining that they housed treacherous updrafts and occasional bolts of lightning. "If you get into one, how do you get out?" one of the girls wanted to know. "Don't get into it," the Captain said, somewhat testily. It all seemed to us to be a precise illustration of the different ways the two sexes approach any problem, and it also seemed to leave the future of women in aviation pretty much up in the air.

In Touch

HERE is the one perfect story about the draft registration—flawless, crystalline, evocative of thoughts that lie too deep for tears. A little man who could be described, rather completely, as a male who had passed his twenty-first birthday and had not yet reached his thirty-sixth was momentarily thrown by the question as to who would always know where he was. He explained to the registrar that he was unmarried, and had sort of lost touch with his relatives; furthermore, he said, he didn't like to bother his employer by giving *his* name. "Well, make up your mind," the registrar said, briskly. "There must be somebody who will always know where you are." The little man stood deep in thought for a moment, and then a light came into his eyes. "Of course!" he cried. "The Morris Plan."



"Don't admire anything. He might give it to you."

THE CLICHÉ EXPERT TESTIFIES ON POLITICS

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, I hear you've become a campaign orator.

A—Fellow-American, you have heard correctly. I've been on the stump all fall.

Q—In that case you ought to be up on your campaign-oratory clichés.

A—Well, sir, it is not my wont to brag, but I believe I may say with all due modesty that I can point with pride and view with alarm as sententiously and bombastically as any senator who ever thrust one arm in his frock coat and with the other called upon high heaven to witness the perfidy of the Other Party.

Q—Describe your candidate, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A—My candidate is a man four-square, a true representative of the people, a leader worthy of the trust which has been placed in him, and a standard-bearer who will carry the banner of our ga-reat and ga-lorious party to victory.

Q—Is he a man of prophetic vision?

A—He is indeed. He is also a man of sterling character and a champion of the rights of the people.

Q—What kind of champion?

A—A stalwart champion.

Q—What is he close to?

A—The soil.

Q—Is his name Willkie?

A—It is not. I have nothing against Mr. Willkie personally, but I can't see where he's fitted to be President.

Q—Why not?

A—He may be a first-rate businessman, but what does he know about government?

Q—Then your candidate's name is Roosevelt?

A—Not at all. I'm a lifelong Democrat and I've always voted the straight Democratic ticket, but this year I'm taking a walk.

Q—Why?

A—Because I'm against breaking the third-term tradition. The old party lines are disappearing. What this country needs is a *businessman* in the White House.

Q—Then your man is Willkie, after all.

A—Willkie is all right personally, but I don't like the crowd he's tied up with.

Q—What crowd?

A—Oh, the public utilities, the Old Guard, and so on. Besides, what does Willkie know about foreign affairs? This is no time to swap horses in the middle of the stream.

Q—Then you believe, Mr. Arbuthnot, that the President's foreign policy has been sound?

A—Sound, you say? Why, he's leading us into war as fast as he can.

Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, I can't figure out *where* you stand. Let's get back to your campaign-oratory clichés. What kind of questions have you been discussing?

A—Burning questions. Great, underlying problems.

Q—What have you arrayed yourself against?

A—The forces of reaction. There must be no compromise with the forces of reaction.

Q—And now, Mr. Arbuthnot, may I ask you to characterize these times?

A—These are troubled times, sir. We are met here today in an hour of grave national crisis.

Q—What do you, as a campaign orator, propose to do in this grave hour?

A—I shall demand, and denounce, and dedicate. I shall take stock. I shall challenge, pledge, stress, fulfill, indict, exercise, accuse, call upon, affirm, and reaffirm.

Q—Reaffirm what?

A—My undying faith in the principles laid down by the Founding Fathers. And I shall exercise eternal vigilance that our priceless heritage may be safeguarded.

Q—Admirable, Mr. Arbuthnot. And that reminds me: What is it you campaign orators rise above?

A—Narrow partisanship. We must place the welfare of our country above all other considerations, including our desire to win.

Q—To win with Willkie?

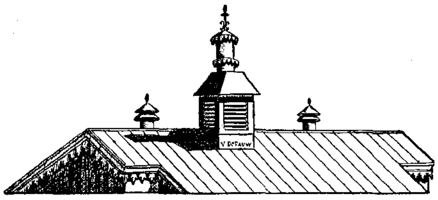
A—Whaddayamean, Willkie! If he were elected, he'd undo everything the New Deal has accomplished.

Q—I guess maybe you're right.

A—No, I'm not. Willkie couldn't undo the New Deal. Roosevelt has made his mistakes, I grant you, but most of the reforms he has put on the books are there to stay. The people won't stand for any tinkering with them.

Q—Then you're for Roosevelt?

A—No man is indispensable. What we need in Washington is a good old-fashioned business administration that will relieve the country of this awful burden of taxation.



Q—Mr. Arbuthnot, how do you campaign orators dedicate yourselves?

A—We dedicate ourselves anew to the task that lies before us.

Q—How does your party approach this task?

A—With a solemn realization of the awful responsibility that rests upon us in this hour of unprecedented national stress.

Q—When our country is—

A—Sore beset by economic ills.

Q—How else do you approach the task?

A—With supreme confidence that our ga-reat party will prove worthy of its ga-lorious tradition.

Q—And if your party failed to approach the task in that spirit, Mr. Arbuthnot, would you say that—

A—It would indeed be recreant to its sacred trust.

Q—Ah. But you feel that it won't be recreant?

A—No, my fellow-American, a tha-a-o-u-sand times no! The ga-reat party of Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and Wilson, and Roosevelt, and Cleveland, and Grant, Garfield, Hayes, and Arthur will not fail our country in this, her hour of need.

Q—Hurrah for Willkie!

A—The candidate of Big Business?

Q—Then hurray for Roosevelt!

A—He wants to be a dictator.

Q—Then three rousing cheers for Willkie!

A—If elected, he couldn't even control his own party.

Q—Then hurray for Franklin D.!

A—Elect him again, and you'll *never* get rid of him.

Q—I'm afraid there's no pleasing you today, Mr. Arbuthnot. Would you mind telling me who's to blame for our country's hour of need?

A—The Other Party.

Q—What has the Other Party proved?

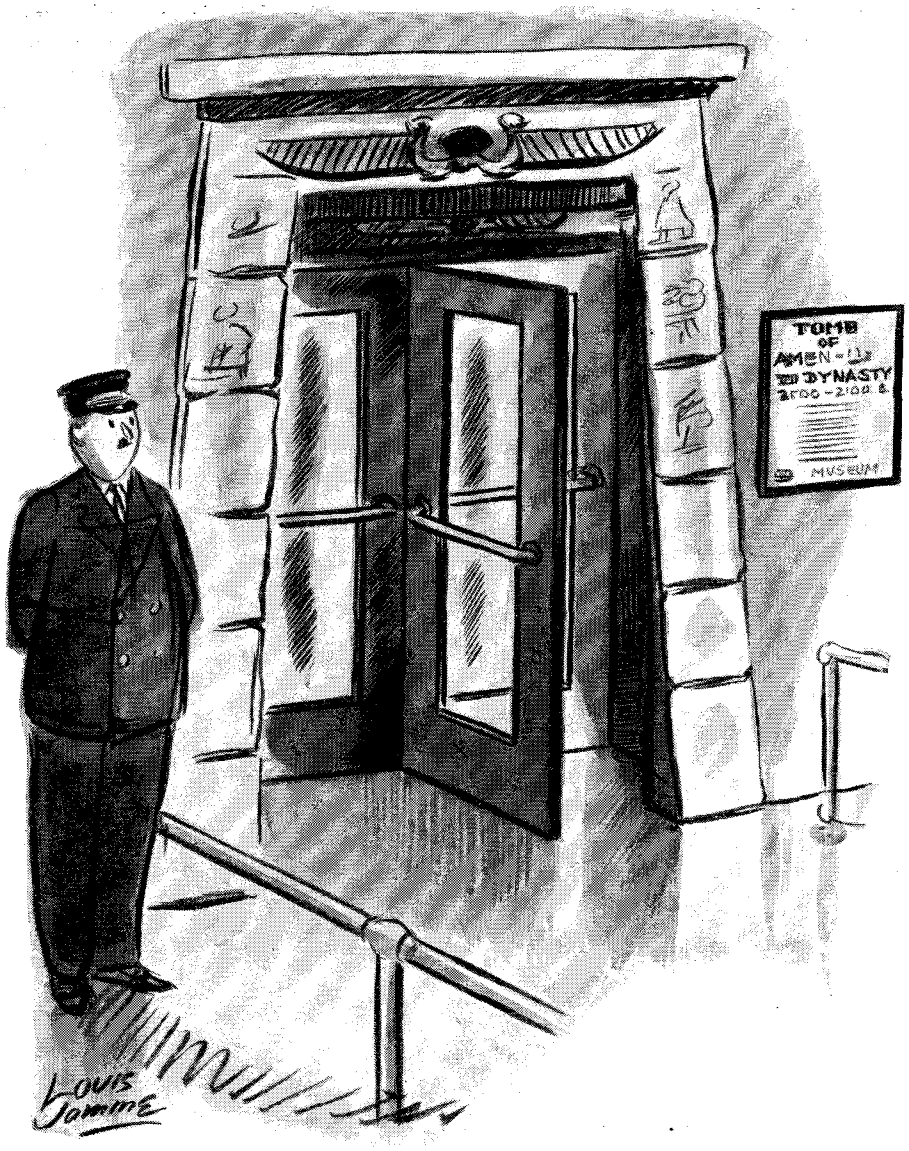
A—Its utter incapacity to govern. Its record is an unbroken record of failure, of forgotten campaign pledges, of callous disregard for the welfare of the country.

Q—What is the Other Party undermining?

A—The American way of life. It is spending vast sums of the taxpayers' money.

Q—For what?

A—To build up a huge political machine. It has aroused class hatred. Fellow-



American, in this solemn hour, when the sacred institutions of democracy are challenged on every side and the world is rent by strife, I charge the Other Party with having betrayed the pee-pul of these Yew-nited States.

Q—What must the pee-pul do?

A—They must rise in their wrath and elect my candidate.

Q—Surely this time you mean Willkie?

A—Willkie started off all right. That was a great convention at Philadelphia. If the election had been held after the Philadelphia convention, Willkie would have been elected, sure as you're a foot high.

Q—What happened?

A—He started slipping right after the acceptance speech at Elwood. That speech was a flop. The trouble with Willkie is he can't read a prepared speech well. He's better when he speaks without notes.

Q—Then he should always speak without notes.

A—But when he speaks without notes he gets in wrong. Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it. His campaign is a flop. He won't take advice. Wants to run everything himself.

Q—Now, Roosevelt—

A—The trouble with Roosevelt is he wants to run everything himself. He won't take advice. He's got that old Dutch stubbornness.

Q—Then we should support Willkie?

A—Oh, for God's sake, why don't he comb his *hair!* I'm tired of that lock of hair.

Q—Please, Mr. Arbuthnot, let's get away from personalities for a moment. Perhaps you'll tell us just what kind of leader the hour calls for?

A—A leader who will lead this country out of the wilderness, eliminate waste and extravagance in government, do away with red tape and bureaucratic inefficiency, solve the problem of unemployment, improve living conditions, develop purchasing power, raise the standard of living, provide better housing, and speed up national defence by building a navy and air force second to none.

Q—What about the farmer?

A—The farmer must have relief.

Q—What kind of relief?

A—Farm relief. Labor must have the right to organize. Economy must be the watchword. Mounting deficits must cease; so must these raids on the public treasury. I view with alarm the huge and unwarranted increase in our national debt. Generations yet unborn! Those who would undermine our sacred institutions! Bore from within! Freedom of speech! Monroe Doctrine!

Q—Franklin D. Roosevelt!

A—I love him for the enemies he has made.

Q—Wendell L. Willkie!

A—Just another Landon.

Q—Franklin D. Roosevelt!

A—He's got a great radio personality.

Q—Wendell L. Willkie!

A—Once a public-utilities man, always one. I call upon every patriotic American—

Q—Regardless of race or creed?

A—Be quiet! . . . regardless of race or creed, from the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies—

Q—To the pine-clad shores of Maine?

A—Shut *up!* . . . to the pine-clad shores of Maine to have faith in the American way of life. Subversive doctrines! Undesirable aliens! Lincoln!

Q—I beg your pardon, but what kind of Lincoln?

A—The Immortal Lincoln! The Immortal Washington! The Immortal Jefferson! The time for evasions has passed. We must face the facts, put our shoulders to the wheel, put our house in order, meet the challenge of the dictators, carry aloft the torch of liberty, fulfill our high destiny, face the future with confidence, and march forward to victory at the polls in November.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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A horse which Philip Colucci was schooling at the racetrack Saturday ran through a fence, injuring his right ankle. He was treated at the Saratoga Hospital and discharged.—*The Saratogian.*

Now, if he'll just take care of himself for a few days . . .

THE WILSONS

SO MANY PROBLEMS

FAIRLIE WILSON expected her husband home from his bank about five o'clock on Saturdays, but this Saturday Joe arrived at half past seven, late for dinner. He had, she noted with distaste, obviously been drinking. "He's been with that Eddie Frissell," she said to herself. As soon as Joe had washed his hands, he and Fairlie sat down to dinner.

"Where's Hilda?" asked Joe. "My beautiful daughter?"

"She's having dinner with the Greens," Fairlie said. "With their Louella and Luli Desmond."

"Hotcha!" said Joe. "Social!"

"Did you see Eddie Frissell this afternoon?" asked Fairlie.

"Eddie? No, sir! No Eddie. Not a Frissell in sight. I saw old Mr. Banker and Fisherman and Sportsman and generally by-God Medford."

"Mr. *Medford?*"

"Right," said Joe. "Old Poppa Medford and old Poppa Medford's best bourbon whiskey. Hotcha!"

Fairlie felt a chill of apprehension. She had a mental picture of Mr. Medford as she had last seen him—perfectly dressed in his dinner coat, his immaculate white shirt bosom with its single, magnificent pearl stud, and (worst of all) his rather disdainful expression. "Joe," she said, "you've been drinking! And in front of Mr. Medford!"

Joe grinned at her. "Listen, sister," he said. He called her sister only when he was very tight. "Listen to me. You claim to have been born in Virginia, but when it comes to drinking you act like you'd been raised a long way from the Old South. And as for me drinking in front of old Mr. Poppa Medford, why, vice versa, sister, vice versa. He drank plenty. And so did his handsome boy friend."

"Who?" said Fairlie. "You?"

"No. Folton. Elihu Folton. A very fine line of goods. And knows more hot stories than forty-four and one-quarter E. Frissells—and that's *something.*"

"Oh!" she said. "And *where* did this take place, please?"

"Icy is as icy does," said Joe. "Boy, you'd freeze up Narragansett Bay in August. Nineteen-ten. A very hot year."

"I asked you a question."

"Sister, wife, and sweetheart," he said, "it took place in that dump of dumps, that gloomy, moss-covered place called the Hope Club of Providence, R.I. There, and no substitutes accepted. But fine bourbon."

The Hope Club! That was something else, thought Fairlie, feeling easier. Much more warmly now, she said, "Did *he* ask you there, darling?"

"That's what," said Joe. "We talked business at his old bank and then he asked Old White Joe to his Old White Hope Club. And there we found Brother Folton. And there we did some plain and fancy work on the bourbon. And tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow. Sunday. October something. I have it *all* in writing. Once a banker, always a banker." He pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and looked at it. "'Three o'clock,'" he read. "'Wendham name of house on sign. Folton. Paradise Valley. Turn off 138 road left for Sachuest below Portsmouth. Red brick house on left bring no cartridges plenty there.' That's the story."

"Oh, Joe!" she said, and stopped, overcome by her excitement. There flashed through her mind a picture of the Fairlie Wilson who had dined with the Medfords for the first time last spring, and then another picture of Fairlie Wilson moving mountains to get Mrs. Elihu Folton of Newport to a garden party in Cottrellton on (she knew now) the wrong side of the Bay. "Joe," she said, "what *fun!* What are you going to do?"

"Shoot," he said. "Just shoot those little old clay pigeons. And then have tea." He laughed. "Tea! Those boys drink the funniest tea I ever smelled. Or tasted. Old orange-pekoe bourbon."

A horrid thought came to Fairlie. "Just you, Joe?" she said.

"You and me both, sister. You to drink tea, me to shoot and drink not tea. Shooting clay pigeons is silly."

"Oh, no, Joe, I'm sure it's not."

"What do you know about shooting? I say it's silly to shoot clay pigeons. But it's good for business. And I sort of like Folton."

"It sounds heavenly," said Fairlie. She remembered the Foltons' place and taking her son, Chester, there for the little Folton girl's birthday party that summer. Now she and Joe were asked for themselves, not because of their children. It *was* exciting!

"Joe," she said eagerly, "what will I wear?"

"Wear?" he said. "How in hell should I know?"

"What will you wear, Joe?"

"Holy God," he said, "you'd think we were going to some old wedding or something! Wear? Wear? What would I wear, sister, except shooting clothes? Go shooting, wear shooting clothes. Go swimming, wear swimming clothes. Go to bed and wear—"

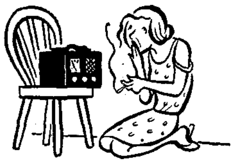
"Joe!" she said, and then smiled at him. "Please don't wear those old shooting things, Joe. They'd look wrong, I'm sure, at Newport."

"Nuts," he said.

"But they would, Joe."

"Double nuts. They asked me to shoot,

"*I couldn't help noticing we were both having chicken à la king.*"



OLD TALES FOR A NEW WORLD

CINDERELLA

A girl in rags a long, long time ago
Sat like a mouse beside the radio;
The music warmed her; then the elevator
Stopped at her landing, and a moment later
In came a small old lady with kind eyes
Who said, "My child, you're due for a surprise.
But you look sad!" And Cinderella, crying,
Said, "It's my sisters, they have been so trying!
They're at the Ball, they wouldn't let me come,
Saying I'm homely and must stay at home.
And if they ever found me sitting here—"
"Well," said the small old lady, "never fear.
I know your sisters, I know all about them,
The *Social Register* could do without them;
But let them be. I feel without a doubt
A girl like you deserves a coming out,
And as your Fairy Godmother, I'll show you;
Even your ugly sisters will not know you."

She raised her arm; the astonished maiden found
A beauty parlor forming all around.
In magic baths a strong enchantment dipped her,
Perfume was sprayed, foundation garments gripped her,
A sky-blue chiffon delicately traced
Gathered itself about her tiny waist;
Nor, as Patou, Worth, Molyneux confess,
Would even they have modified that dress.
Last, while her long new nails were being lacquered,
The Fairy changed a pumpkin to a Packard,
And off went Cinderella, shy but sure,
A testimonial to the *haute couture*,
With one last warning ringing in her ear:
"Be home by twelve, don't stay too long, my dear!"

As to the manner born, her Packard drew
To a bright standstill on Park Avenue,
And from the moment that she left the car
Whispers went round, "We have another star."
Slowly and consciously she climbed the stairs;
The orchestra stopped dead, then blew fanfares.
In rivalry a hundred stags advanced,
Each for his turn, and Cinderella danced.

Within the minute there were sighs and groans
Among the débutantes and chaperones,
Poor débutantes! The shameless Beau forgets,
Nor shall your faces now sell cigarettes.
Poor chaperones, that it should be this year
Your daughters should be launched, to founder here!
But saddest and most lonely in the room
Are the two ugly sisters, sunk in gloom;
To Cinderella, as her sisters sink,
Runs every male, forgetting even drink,
And like a swarm of bees around their queen
They buzz and circle; she remains serene,
By all unmoved (though feeling greatly flattered),
But meeting nobody who really mattered,
Till in due course there came a talent-spotter
To dance with her. Then Cupid's arrow shot her.
The movie scout had never seen such talents;
They stand stock-still; their fate is in the balance.
Then joy! A mutual ecstasy goes up
On their four cheeks; he plies her hard with cup,
And having danced with her eleven times,
He fights for twelfth.
But now the midnight chimes.
Out of his arms she bolts, and leaves him sadder.
A shoe flies off; she feels a stocking ladder.
A moment later down the street she dashes
Homeward in rags, to weep beside the ashes.

The sequel I can surely leave to you,
The hunt all through Manhattan with the shoe,
The ugly sisters, angry and alarming,
The shoe, the Cinderella, the Prince Charming;
To Hollywood they fly, contracted she,
And so the end is all the end should be.

—George Allen

• •

not to look at. What else I got to wear, for God's sake?"

"Those gray flannels you bought last summer, darling, and the tweed coat. You look so well in them."

"Lay off," said Joe. "Who got asked, anyway? You? No. Little Orvie. I'll wear just what I damn well please. And so can you. Tit for tat. And vice versa."

Fairlie gave it up. There was no use in trying to do anything with him while he was in this condition. All she could hope was that he wouldn't get tight tomorrow, with Mrs. Medford and Mrs. Folton and heaven only knew *what* Newport people watching. She sighed. Still, she'd be there to look after him.

She spent the evening going through *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* and the advertisements in all the other magazines in the house, but she got little help out of them. She found a photograph of a woman shooting in a tweed skirt and coat and a turtleneck sweater. Since she owned no turtleneck sweater and her only tweed outfit was, even after constant alterations, a hideous failure, that was no use. The only other shooting picture showed a man in hip boots, wearing a jacket much too similar to Joe's and holding a gun and three dead ducks and smoking a funny-looking pipe. It was a tobacco advertisement, and she discounted it. Joe meanwhile had turned the radio on and slept peacefully through several programs. At ten o'clock she woke him and they went to bed.

BY the time they got started for Newport after lunch the next day, both Fairlie and Joe were in an irritable mood. Joe had been argued into wearing his gray flannel trousers and the tweed jacket, but he absolutely insisted on taking his brown canvas shooting coat along. It lay, with his old pump gun, on the front seat beside Hector, the chauffeur. "Hell, I don't *have* to wear it just because I bring it, do I?" he had said.

Fairlie herself wore a pale-brown knitted silk dress. It wasn't right, she felt, but even if she had been sure of what was right, she wouldn't have had it in her wardrobe. The uncertainty about her clothes, added to her excitement and her uneasiness about Joe's behavior, made her feel as if she were just a jump ahead of hysterics.

Most of the way they rode in silence. Joe broke it by saying, "I don't know why I said we'd do this. It's just a waste of time. Shooting clay pigeons!"

"But Joe," said Fairlie, "how do you know till you see how they do it here?"

"I know. It's too easy!"

"Don't tell *them* it's easy, will you, Joe?"

"For God's sake!" he said. "You act like I'd never been out of a nursery."

"Please, Joe. Don't be like that," she said. "I do so want us to have a good time." He grunted and relapsed into a silence that lasted till they reached the Foltons' house. If only, thought Fairlie as they got out of the car, he doesn't begin boasting.

The shooting party was gathered in the big living room. If she hadn't been so nervous, Fairlie would have tried to make Joe see how the room was furnished and decorated, and dropped a hint about redecorating their living room. Left to himself, he'd never notice a *thing*. The warm comfort of this room emphasized, in Fairlie's mind, the unsuitability of the all-white color scheme at Cottrellton. What a mistake I made to let that Providence woman do the job, she thought. I should have had a really experienced man from New York.

She had met most of these people before—Mr. and Mrs. Medford, Mrs. Folton, and Mrs. Hiram Green, the arbiter of Providence society—but only at formal affairs, at children's parties, and charity benefits. Seeing them now, like this, was wonderfully exciting. She noted that two of the men wore gray flannels, but was surprised to see that Mr. Folton and a tall man, introduced as Baron Rassen, had on shooting coats of canvas so old that they made Joe's look new by comparison. Folton also wore a pair of riding breeches partly covered with torn and stained chamois leather and laced boots that were twins to the ones Joe had wanted to wear. Goodness, thought Fairlie, but how do you know? The women wore tweeds, except that pretty Mrs. Folton, who had on a leather windbreaker, breeches, and Newmarket boots.

For a long time they stood around while the men and—Fairlie noted with discomfort—Mrs. Folton and Mrs. Medford drank whiskey. Joe seemed to be having a fine time, talking and laughing with the Foltons. She edged nearer to them, listening.

"It's a special layout," Folton said. "Skee. Ever shot that way?"

"No," Joe said, "but it don't sound so difficult."

"Just you wait," said Folton. "I'll bet my wife can beat you."

Fairlie watched Joe's expression as he turned to Mrs. Folton. "Are you a gunner?" he asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Folton said. "I try."

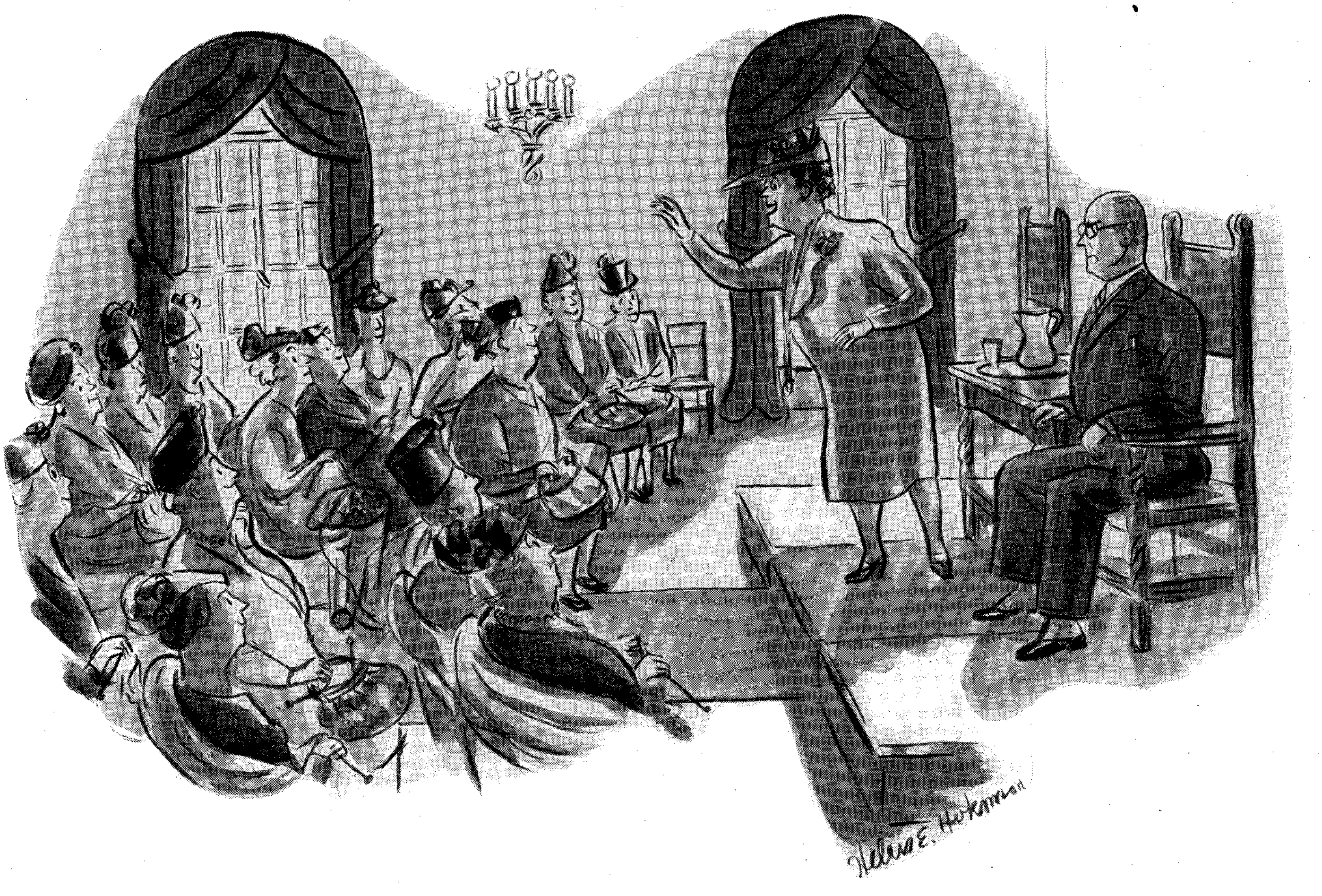
"Are you so hot, then? At shooting?"

"Oh—are you implying that I might be hot at something else?"

Joe grinned. "Take it like that," he said. It seemed to Fairlie that he was incredibly at his ease.

"Well, come on," said Folton. "Off we go. Are you coming, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Don't you go," Mrs. Green said. "It's noisy and stupid. They just do



"It's all right, ladies. Mr. Thomasson says you may knit."

it as practice for killing innocent birds later. Stay here with me. Let's some of us exhibit moral courage."

Fairlie didn't know what to do. It would be hard to miss the shooting, but it would be good to stay with Mrs. Green on such a footing.

"Do stay," Mrs. Medford said. "I'm going to."

"No, please," the Baron said. "Mrs. Wilson is coming. To bring luck to me. We are the strangers. She brings me luck."

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson's not exactly a stranger," said Medford.

"You stay," Mrs. Green said firmly.

"She's coming out," said Joe, suddenly. "She has to eat the birds I shoot. She'd better see how we get to shoot them. Don't you ever eat wild ducks, Mrs. Green?"

"Well—" said Mrs. Green.

"There you are," said Joe.

Mrs. Folton laughed and the rest joined in. My God, thought Fairlie, where did Joe learn to do it? The company, except for Mrs. Green and Mrs. Medford, left the house and walked through the fields to the trap.

ALTHOUGH they were all most polite—Baron Rassen walked with her—Fairlie felt left out. She was the only one not shooting and, she noted with chagrin, looking at her silk stockings, torn by the briers, the only one not properly dressed.

The trap was behind an iron shield at the edge of a pond. There were five shooting positions: the first directly behind the shield, at the apex of a large triangle along the sides of which the remaining four were located, two on the mid-sides and two at the base angles. Five shots were fired from each position, though the trap was pulled but four times, since one of the pulls released two birds. Until Joe had his turn as last man, the Baron and Mrs. Folton shared high score of twenty-two out of the possible twenty-five. Then, to Fairlie's astonishment, Joe broke all of his twenty-five pigeons.

"Oh, well done!" cried Folton.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said the Baron.

"Why," said Medford, "by George, Wilson, I never believed you'd shoot like that with that old pump of yours!"

"Aw," said Joe, "I was just lucky."

"Lucky nothing," said Medford. "Elihu, this is the chap we need for Alabama in January, isn't it? How are you on quail, Wilson? Can you hit 'em like that?"

"I can cut 'em fair to middling."

"I don't believe you," said Mrs. Folton. "I'll bet you never miss. Will you come and shoot next January?"

"Why, sure, I guess so. I don't see why not," Joe said.

"Will you let him go, Mrs. Wilson?" said Mrs. Folton. "We need guns like him badly. Can you spare him for two weeks?"

Fairlie looked at her, and at Joe, and at Mr. Medford. "Why, of course," she said. She tried to make it sound convincing.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilson might like to come too," said Medford. "Though it's rather dull for the non-shooters."

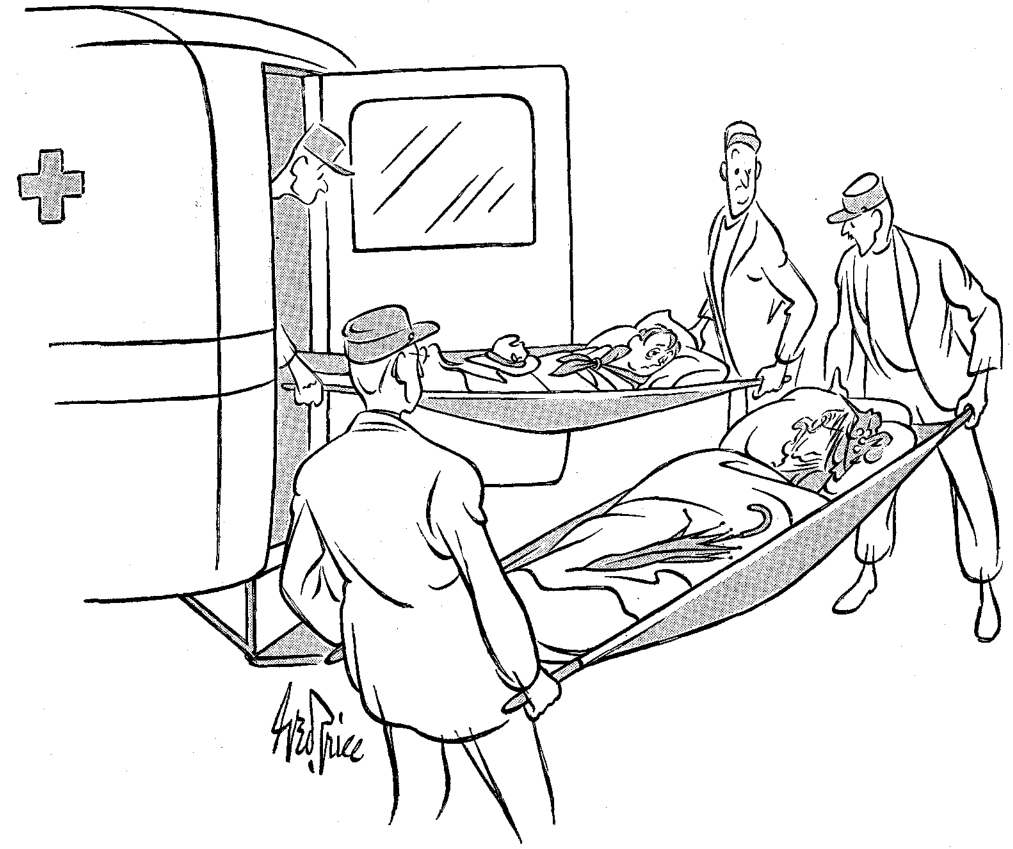
What, thought Fairlie, do you say to that? Feeling chilly and uncomfortable in one part of her and flushed with Joe's success in another, she compromised by smiling and saying nothing. The others returned to their clay pigeons.

When Fairlie tried to remember later what had happened at the house after the shooting, she could recall the noise of talk, the enormous number of drinks consumed by everyone except Mrs. Green and herself, and the discussion of quail-shooting in South Carolina as against Alabama and Georgia. She remembered how pretty Mrs. Folton had looked, with her dark hair and her flushed cheeks, talking to Joe in his old and now not so dreadful shooting jacket. She remembered, too, how much she herself had wanted to go home, to leave that house and that company. What had come over her, she wondered. But clearest of all she remembered their going, and the goodbyes and thank-yous and the plans and invitations that Joe was making and receiving, and Mrs. Folton standing in the lighted doorway while they got into the car, saying, "Good night, Joe," and Joe replying, "So long, Clarita."

Oh, so many things to sort out on the drive home, so many new problems to solve! Nervous and tired, she pounded on the glass between herself and the chauffeur and cried, "Not so fast, please, Hector, not so fast!"

From the corner, where she had thought he was asleep, Joe called out, "Let her rip!"

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



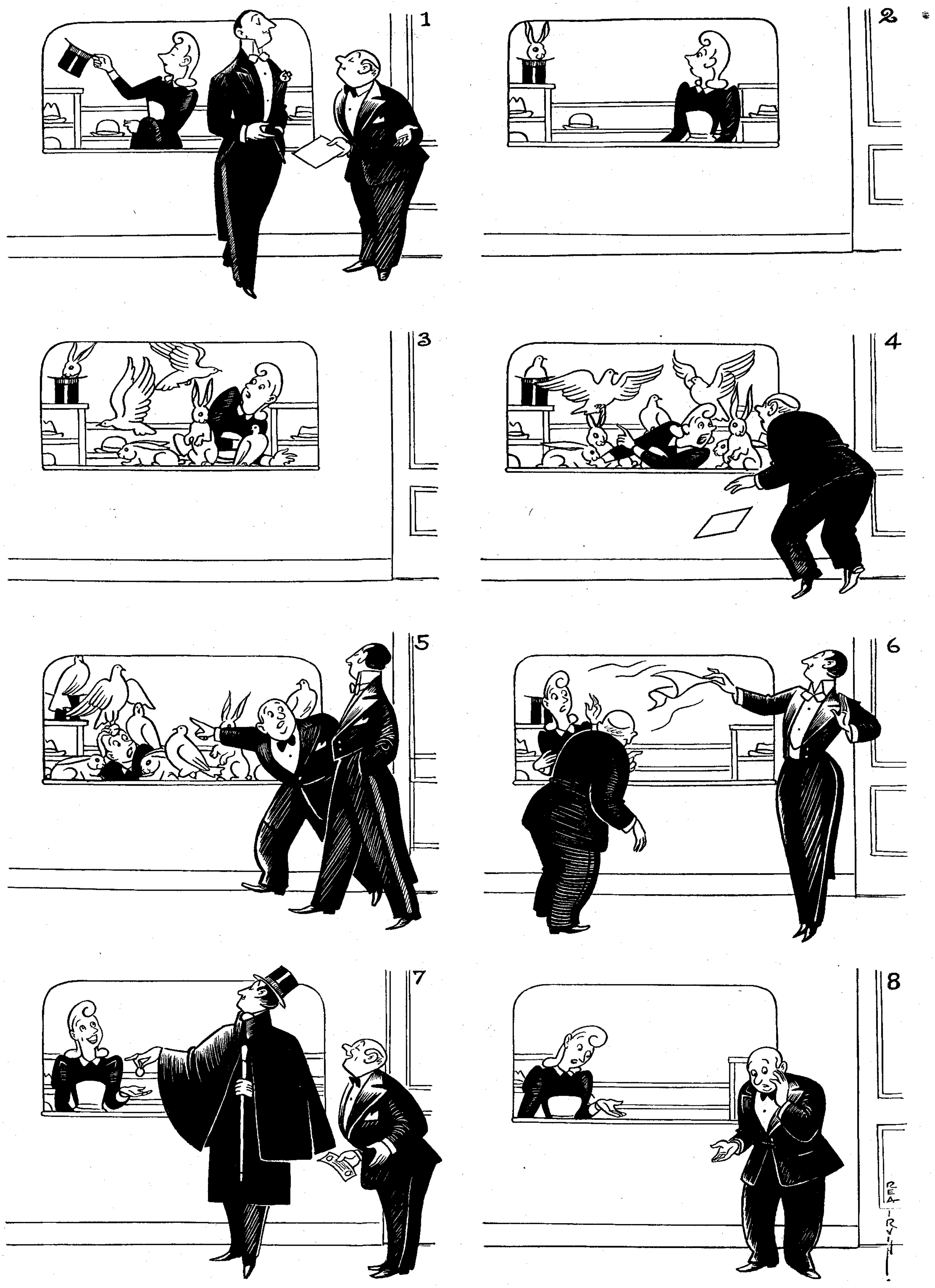
"Thanks anyhow for trying to help me across the street, young man."

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
(CINEMA DIVISION)

[*Walter Wanger in the Los Angeles Evening Herald & Express*]

To those who think Hollywood will make cheaper, less important pictures because of wartime limitations, let me say most emphatically, "It can't be done!"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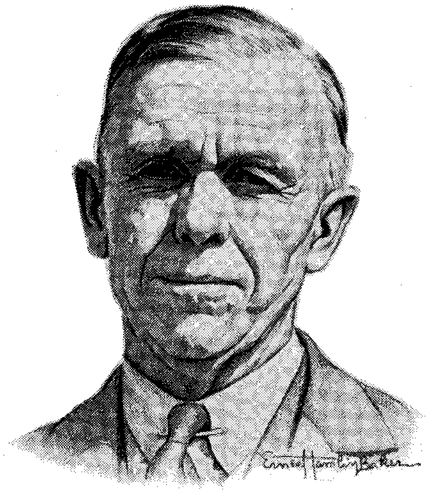
REA IRVIN

PROFILES

CHIEF OF STAFF



General Marshall

WHEN a young man who has just been transfixed on a bayonet retains his affection for the military life, he clearly has a vocation. General George Catlett Marshall, who is now Chief of Staff of the United States Army, was submitted to this test in 1897. In that year he was a freshman at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, Virginia, and an overenthusiastic sophomore hazer ran a bayonet through his body. Marshall came near dying in the hospital, but when he recovered—without reporting the sophomore—he was sure he was tough enough to be a soldier. The sophomores, in gratitude for his silence, called off hazing for the rest of the year and Cadet Marshall became the unquestioned leader of his class. He graduated as Senior First Captain, the highest distinction a cadet can achieve at the Institute, and went into the Regular Army as a second lieutenant, where, despite a superlative record, he had to wait thirty-two years to be made a colonel. The bayonet and the thirty-two years' wait taught him a certain stoicism, of which a Chief of Staff has constant need.

While at V.M.I., Marshall played in the line on the varsity football team and, after the season of 1900, was named tackle on the first All-Southern Eleven to appear in the pages of the *Intercollegiate Football Guide*. He retains from those days a habit of speaking of military tactics in football terms. "The tanks made the holes, the planes ran beautiful interference, and the infantry carried the ball," he said of the German offensive in France last spring. What he does not say is that today the Chief of Staff, as the ranking professional officer of the Army, has to run interference for all land armaments, clearing a way through Congressional committees for the legislation that will transform the Army from a blueprint to a tangible and effective reality. The President, who is titular Commander in Chief, is under constant political attack, from which the Secretary of War, being a Presidential appointee, is also not exempt. But the Chief of Staff is presumed to have a special competence and a purity of motive, since the Army is non-political.

In the preliminary stages of preparing for war, a Chief's most valuable asset is a knack of getting along with legislators in order to secure appropriations. General Marshall has it to a degree which veteran Washington correspondents call unprecedented. The Chief of Staff neither barks at congressmen as if they were rookies—a tactical error made by a couple of his predecessors—nor condescends to them too obviously. He is just about six feet tall, a height adequate to impress without arousing antagonism. Although he is fifty-nine years old, his hair is still sandy rather than gray; he is florid and genial in the best Congressional manner. He was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, but his Kentuckian father and four years at V.M.I. served to soften Marshall's speech agreeably without making it so mellifluous that it would put up the hackles on a New England senator's neck. When he appears before a committee, he is good-humored without being humorous. He is patient, persistent, and a trifle prolix. When a congressman asks him a question, he is likely to reply with an extemporaneous monograph that draws an awed response of "Thank you, General. I will not dwell on the subject any further." Records of hearings at which he has appeared are studded with citations from admiring senators or representatives, who say, like Representative Snyder (Dem., Pa.), "General Marshall, I think I voice the sentiment of every member of the committee when I say you have made a most comprehensive, detailed, and elucidating statement."

IN Washington, Marshall nearly always dresses comfortably in mufti. His suits, he sometimes tells Congressional callers, are several seasons old, although they look as good as new. These clothes help to overcome the prejudice many inland Americans feel against military men, a feeling induced by brass buttons and fanned into a leaping resentment by the sight of a Sam Browne belt. None of the officers on duty with the General Staff have habitually worn uniforms since the time of General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff some ten years ago, who was something of a martinet and made a ruling that officers would have to wear uniforms at least one day out of thirty. The order inspired so much muttering about Junkerism that it was withdrawn. Marshall's custom of speaking in long strings of football metaphors further reassures the legislators. When he says, "You wouldn't send a team against Notre Dame before it had had a scrimmage, would you?" the congressmen vote money for large-scale war games. The more imperious General Douglas MacArthur, one of Marshall's predecessors as Chief of Staff, had trouble talking Congress into providing the price of rifle ammunition for the annual marksmanship tests.

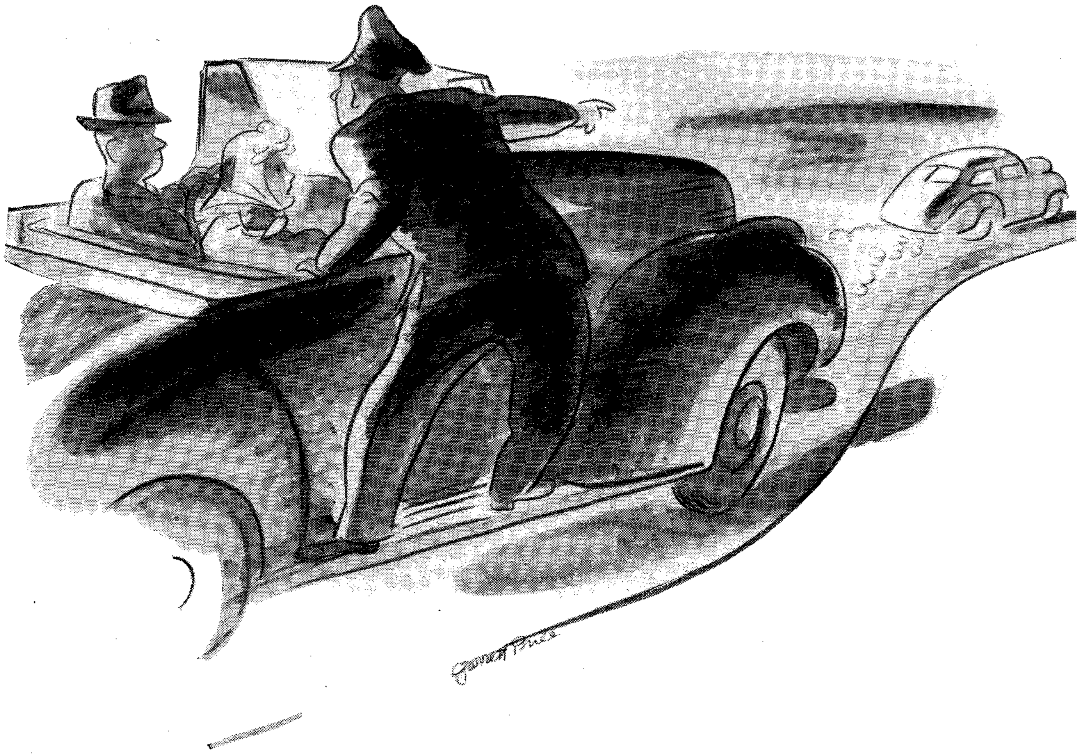
There are two women secretaries in the anteroom of Marshall's large, blue, air-conditioned office in the War Department on Constitution Avenue, just as if he were the president of an advertising agency; when he wants information, he talks in the general direction of an interoffice telephone box, and the answer floats back in the disembodied voice of an officer in another part of the building. This civilian-industry camouflage was adopted during the years following the first World War, when the War Department ranked among the legislators as the least popular department of the government. Even during that period there were a few big-navy senators and representatives—mostly from states where there were shipyards—but nobody had a kind word for the Army. Both Services reached their post-war low point in the spring of 1933, as President Hoover relinquished office. The Navy had been reduced only to twenty per cent of its 1918 wartime personnel and fifty per cent of its 1921 built-and-building tonnage, but the Army had declined from approximately 4,000,000 men in November, 1918, to 117,000 in 1933, a number barely sufficient to guard the arsenals, cut the grass on reservations, and fire a salute on Army Day. The number was approximately doubled in the next seven years. The task of expanding and rebuilding the Army has therefore superficially resembled the reconstruction of a dinosaur around an ulna and three vertebrae.

Interest in the Army began to pick up in 1937. "It was the newsreels of Spain and China that got us our first sizable appropriations for anti-aircraft guns," General Marshall says gratefully. Still, the interest was something less than fervid before the German offensive in the Low Countries began on May 10th of this year. Congress usually lags far behind public opinion. For instance, as late as November, 1939, when the Army asked for $120,000,000 to provide for and maintain increased personnel, Representative Johnson of West Virginia, a member of one of the key committees, remarked, "What I am trying to get at is this: I am quite a peace-loving soul myself, and I do not want to leave the impression on the outside world that we are spending large and vast sums of money at this time, right when the war is going on; it might be an embarrassing situation." The same Mr. Johnson, in July, 1940, handsomely told the Chief of Staff, "The question of money, with me, does not bother very much. What I would like to know is can you do the job, as far as the Army is concerned, if you are given what you are asking for. I am going to vote for whatever you want if you are doing the job."

The trouble is that the matériel being delivered to the Army this fall is of necessity matériel which was ordered in 1939 or even earlier. "A few years ago," Marshall recently remarked at a press conference, "the Army had lots of time and no money. Now we have lots of money and no time." Publicly he always says he gets wonderful coöperation from everybody, but in private he often wonders whether our potential adversary—his circumlocution for Germany—is going to wait until the matériel ordered this year finally begins to come in. When, after having announced on one day that the transfer of fifty destroyers to Great Britain had practically put us into war, the ineffable Representative Fish of New York two days later moved to defer the Selective Service Training Act for sixty days on the ground that the country was in no danger, there was nothing Marshall could do about it but sweat. In such circumstances, the Chief of Staff, who is a very moderate drinker, cannot, like General Grant, even go on a toot.

General Marshall knows exactly what he will do with men and matériel as they become available. The shrunken body of the post-armistice Army sustained a relatively vigorous theoretical life, and ever since 1920 the General Staff has been preparing mobilization plans and keeping them up to date. The progress of the country's mobilization is pictured on a great sheet decorated with twenty-seven colored discs and a number of other geometrical designs. Each disc represents a division of the Protective Mobilization Force, an army considered barely adequate for the defence of the continent, which the General Staff hopes to have organized within about a year. A few of the divisions already exist, at full peacetime strength and with adequate equipment. Some of the others have recently materialized partially, and a few remain completely intellectual concepts. The degree of a division's actuality is indicated by a segment marked in its disc, like a cut of pie. Nine of the divisions are to be built around nuclei of Regulars and eighteen around National Guardsmen. The men to be obtained by selective draft are to be used to bring all twenty-seven divisions to full strength, so there will be no wholly "draft divisions" or "volunteer divisions," as in the first World War. Three divisions, plus supplementary troops (four regiments of heavy artillery, two of engineers, extra Signal Corps and Medical units, and aviators to man fifty-two observation planes), will constitute an army corps. The country is divided into nine Corps Areas. At the moment, these have the same relation to reality that the plan of a real-estate development has to a city. Each corps at war strength will number about 70,000 men. Armored divisions, cavalry divisions, Air Corps personnel, Coast Artillery, and other branches of service not included in the corps structures, together with the troops in overseas possessions, will bring the Army's total to somewhere around a million by next summer. Because of the shortage of matériel, there would not be much chance of putting a larger force in the field by that time even if this country should become involved in the war in the interim, but if that should

"It's a natural, Morrie—a winter stock company! Think of all the actors thrown out of work by the closing of the summer theatres."



"Follow that exciting, superbly finished value sensation with symphonic styling and tremendous reserve power."

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happen, more men probably would be called up immediately for training, to be ready to form new divisions as matériel became available. It is likely that even asleep, Marshall sees the twenty-seven discs representing those twenty-seven divisions, within each of which the segment of reality slowly increases—too slowly to satisfy a Chief of Staff who takes his responsibilities seriously.

General Marshall gets along almost as well with the Washington correspondents as with the legislators. He holds rather genial mass press conferences once or twice a week. His popularity is slightly impaired by a habit of talking quite frankly and then saying, "Of course, you understand that this is off the record." When a politician says this, a reporter may refuse to respect it, but when a Chief of Staff is discussing matters of national defence, the reporter has to accede or feel that he is a Lord Hawhaw. In return for such consideration, the General exercises an exquisite restraint in his journalistic criticism. "The headline was not sufficiently factual," he sometimes says when he means to say that an entire story which has appeared in a newspaper was a fabrication. One week this summer the defence program was attacked first by Al Williams, the Scripps-Howard aviation columnist, who insisted that fighting planes should have liquid-cooled motors, and then by C. B. Allen, in the *Herald Tribune*, who declared just as pontifically that only the air-cooled variety was worth bothering about. The apparent common denominator of their thought processes was that both Scripps-Howard and the *Herald Tribune* violently disliked the administration. Marshall, however, if he had read both columns, would have had to go on with the gracefully silent pretence that questions of national defence are remote from politics, as he did when he heard about Willkie's plan for an independent air force which American Business would materialize from nonexistent assembly lines. His position is like that of a neutral passenger on a belligerent ship. "No publicity will do me no harm," he once said in a pessimistic mood about newspapers, "but some publicity will do me no good."

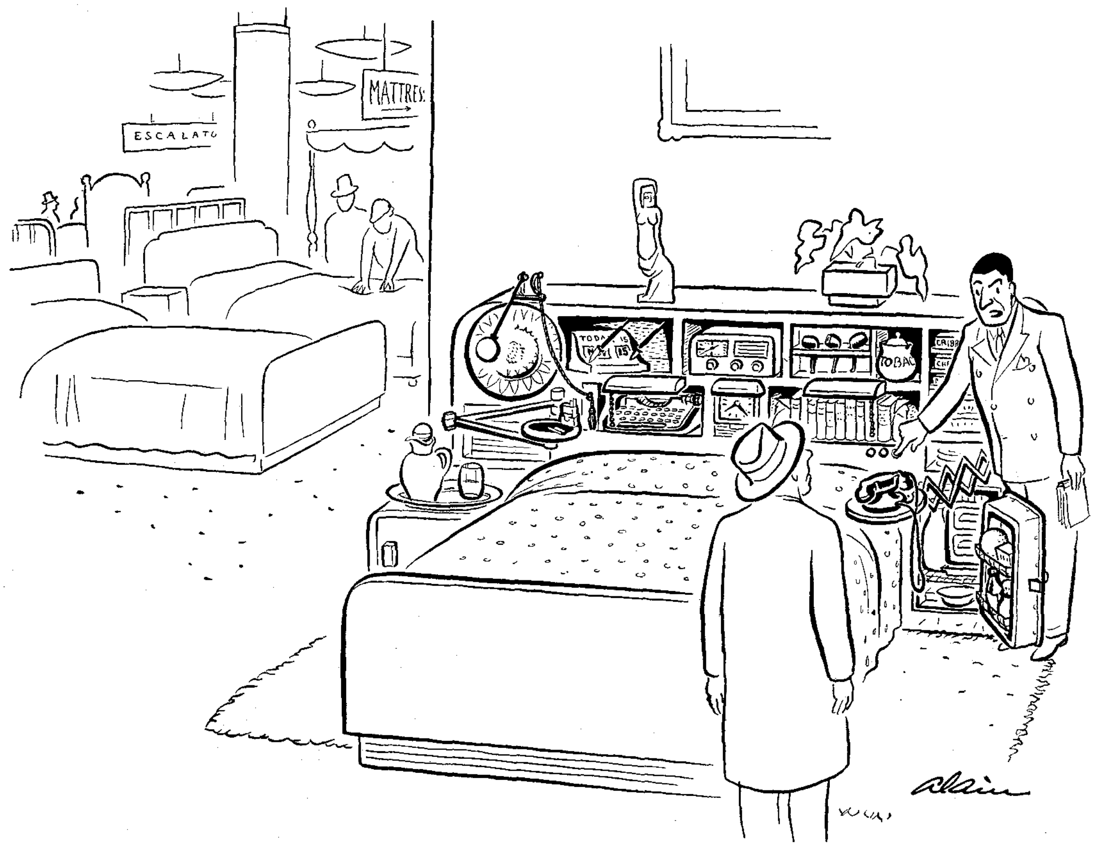
The two worst backfires from publicity suffered by the Army during the last few months resulted from the testimony of Air Corps officers before a House committee to the effect that airplane firms would not sign contracts until they could be sure of a profit of 13.66 per cent, and from news reports of the employment of "stovepipe guns" and of trucks to represent tanks in the summer field maneuvers. The air officers' testimony was not intended as criticism of the manufacturers. They merely felt that any legislative obstruction to satisfactory profits and quick deliveries should be removed as quickly as possible. The General Staff was ingenuously astonished by the public's unfavorable reaction. The governing factor in the Staff's decision to use trucks for tanks in the war games was the desire to keep the Army's one armored division, with its five hundred quite good tanks, intact as units for its own maneuvers at Fort Knox. The Germans had proved to our Staff's satisfaction that tanks should be employed in masses instead of being doled out a few to each regiment of infantry. So the trucks were used as symbols for them. The German Army, in the early thirties, when its matériel was not equal to its suddenly swollen manpower, used trucks in exactly the same way. Back of the General Staff's decision, however, was also a desire to dramatize the need of getting more equipment rapidly. The emphasis became too emphatic, and a good many people got the idea that the Army was completely unequipped. Photographers, whose editors welcomed their first shots of automobile-truck tanks and stovepipe anti-tank guns, soon obligingly furnished pictures of soldiers with wooden rifles and machine guns. There are thousands of good machine guns and hundreds of thousands of rifles which have been stored in government arsenals since the last war, and there are also a couple of thousand 75-millimetre field guns which could be used against tanks if need be, although they are not as handy as anti-tank cannon. Instead of merely hastening the passage of appropriations for matériel, the stovepipe cannon furnished a recurrent argument to anti-draft congressmen, who kept insisting that the Army did not have modern equipment with which to train more than the Regulars. General Marshall had to keep telling thinkers of this school that the number of men in an army who fight in tanks is minuscular compared to the number in other branches of service, and that it is unreasonable to forego all training until the last items of equipment arrive. The Germans didn't.

As far back as he can remember, the Chief of Staff wanted to be a soldier, but he says he can't recall what first made him feel that way. His father was not an Army officer but a coal-and-wood dealer who was conspicuous in Uniontown principally because he had emigrated from Kentucky after the Civil War and was the only confessed Democrat in town. (General Marshall himself, like many Regular Army officers, has never voted in his life.) His father, who approved of young George's military ambitions, couldn't get the Republican congressman from Uniontown to give him an appointment to West Point, so the future general, when he finished high school, went to V.M.I., which is classified by the War Department as a military college because, in the words of the Army Directory, it "requires all students to pursue military training through the course and to be habitually in uniform, constantly maintains military discipline, and has as objectives the development of the student by means of military training and the regulation of his conduct in accord with military principles." An alumnus of a military college—Norwich, in Vermont; Pennsylvania Military College; and the Citadel, at Charleston, South Carolina, are other examples of the genus—usually has no trouble getting a commission as a second lieutenant in the Regular Army if he wants it. In practice few do; of the thirty-four members of General Marshall's graduating class at V.M.I., for example, only three chose an Army career. More than half the others became civil and industrial engineers and among the rest are two prep-school principals, a New Orleans newspaper publisher, a portrait painter, and a few businessmen.

George Marshall was just a fair student—he stood fifteenth in his class when he was graduated—and his V.M.I. legend has been complicated by the fact that he had a namesake in his class who stood No. 1. The namesake, St. Julien Marshall, was only a substitute end on the football team, however, while the future Chief of Staff was what is called by sportswriters a tower of strength in the line. His teammates considered this particularly remarkable because he did not go out for the team until his senior year, after he had already won his place as ranking officer of the Cadet Corps. The military part of college life always came first with him. It took him only a few weeks to learn everything then known about tackle play—the captain of that 1900 team, a Mr. Roller, says that "George always was a strategist"—and after that he outplayed his opponent on every eleven V.M.I. met. His team defeated Washington and Lee and Virginia Polytechnic Institute and tied the University of Virginia, which was a much larger school. Marshall weighed only a hundred and sixty-five pounds, but all his classmates agree that he played rings around a gigantic Virginia tackle named Lloyd, in V.M.I. retrospect perhaps the largest man ever to play football. Marshall's prestige at V.M.I. was a result of character rather than brilliance; pierced by the bayonet, he seemed to pride himself on building an Indian indifference to pain. Once he inveigled a roommate, a Mr. Leonard Nicholson, who is now publisher of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, to take a thirty-mile hike with him on Jefferson Davis's birthday, which was a full holiday at V.M.I. After they had started out, Nicholson learned that Marshall intended to march the thirty miles at a parade-ground pace and without stopping. Marshall did.

The Confederate dream has lived on at V.M.I., and the tradition has always been strong. The whole corps of cadets fought as a unit in the Civil War battle of Newmarket, in Virginia, and twenty per cent of them were killed or wounded. The General, in fact, was the only cadet graduated in his year who came from above the Mason and Dixon line. He was, perhaps for that reason, especially impressed by legends of the war. He used to hike over old battlefields near the school and memorize the positions occupied by units of both armies, a habit which became so strong that years afterward, when he was an instructor at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, he was sometimes assigned to come East with parties of officers and take them over the ground covered by the Federal Army of the Potomac and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, conducting a sort of ambulant seminar on the War Between the States. Even now, when General Marshall is motoring through Virginia, he sometimes has the car stopped while he explains to a companion how A. P. Hill's corps came out of the woods past a crossroads store and fell upon the hapless flank of some Northern general who had forgotten to post pickets.

Marshall got his second lieutenant's commission in 1901, at a time when prospects of a major war seemed slighter than at any other period of American history, and served tranquil tours of duty on the Pacific Coast and in the Philippines before he was ordered, in 1907, to the Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, which was, in a sense, the most important event in his professional career. The first United States General Staff to be modelled on the pattern of those in Europe had been set up in 1903. The Staff School had been set up soon afterward to train officers for eventual General Staff service. It had formerly been assumed that any officer who served long enough with troops in the field would automatically acquire qualifications for higher command, an illusion which had led to tragic bungling in the Spanish-American War. But it would have been impracticable to reëducate the old rough-riding generals at the head of the Army List, who had gained their reputations by exhibitions of leonine courage while leading small columns fighting Indians and Filipino *insurrectos*. So the brighter captains and lieutenants of Marshall's generation became the first trained staff officers of the United States Army. They were the transition group between the old Indian-fighters and the young officers who marched from



"In times like these we figure that some people might just want to get in bed and stay there."

• •

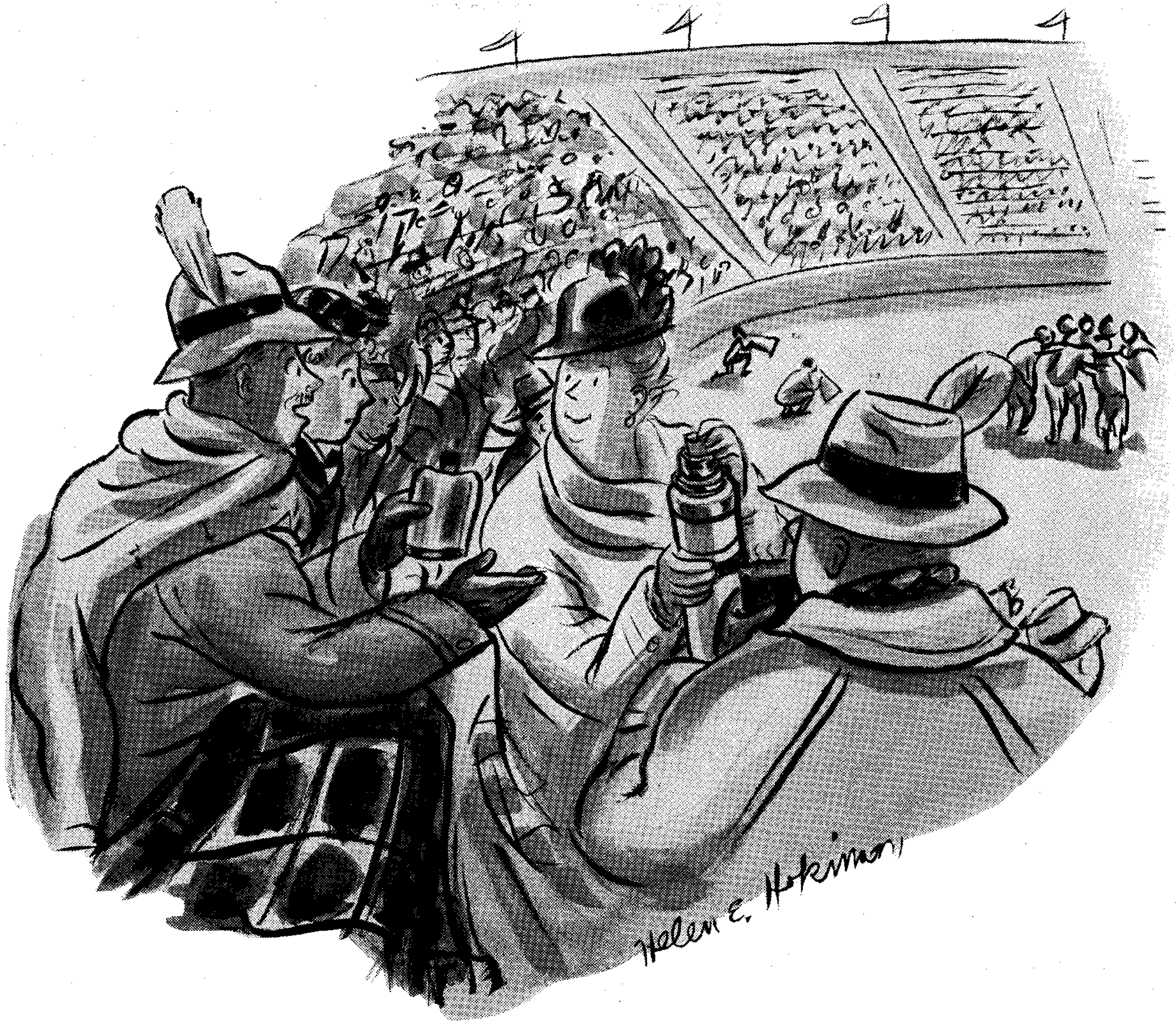
their West Point classes into the first World War and whose minds were formed in the mold of large-scale warfare. This meant that in 1917 and 1918, Marshall and his contemporaries had much greater military responsibilities than fell on men of the same age in the German or French Armies.

Marshall, having been promoted to a first lieutenancy in 1907, graduated at the head of his Staff School class in 1908, with grades so high that he was immediately appointed an instructor. His pupils the following year included a good many captains and even a few majors. In the very small pre-World War Army, with its rigid conventions, an officer's teaching his superiors was a breath-taking innovation. The reputation for brilliance which Marshall gained at the Staff School has not been an unmixed advantage, for some oldsters still insist that he is "a staff type and not a command type," too cerebral to be a really good Chief. At any rate, his fame was confined to the small, specialized Army world, as remote from the general public as that of numismatics or amateur magic. Also, it did not lead to any immediate promotion. It did bring Marshall's name to the favorable attention of his superiors, including John J. Pershing, then a brigadier general, who has been a Marshall booster ever since. This gaunt, gray old veteran, who surveys the second World War from a deep chair in his Washington living room, likes to tell visitors that "George Marshall is a man who understands military." That is the greatest compliment in Pershing's lexicon.

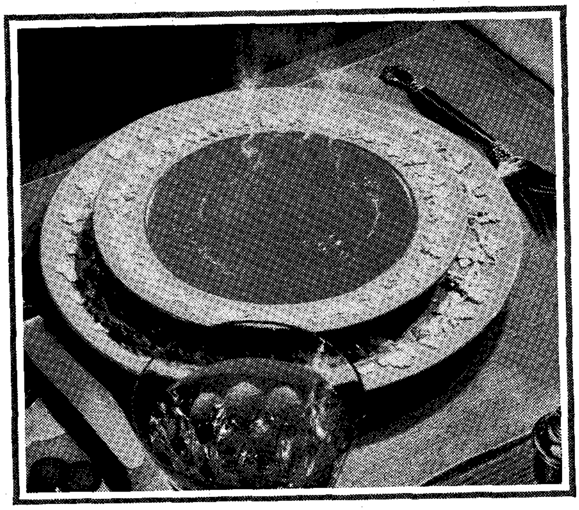
WHEN the United States entered the first World War, Marshall, before any considerable number of American troops had embarked, was sent to France to take a seminar course in war with the French Army. He had been made a captain in 1916. He had his baptism of fire with a Moroccan division in August, 1917, and soon acquired a Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor, the first of a series of foreign decorations which includes the Order of the Crown of Italy, the Montenegrin Silver Medal of Valor, the Panamanian La Solidaridad, and the Brazilian Order of Merit; the General does not wear any of them now, because they do not go well with a lounge suit. He also was made a wartime, or temporary, major. The following year he became a lieutenant colonel and was assigned to the staff of the First Division, the first American outfit to do any important fighting, as G-3, or operations officer. The operations officer plans and synchronizes troop movements, translating the strategic concepts of his chief into tactical reality. A number of the Allied Army commanders and almost all chiefs of staff of large units in the first World War had served terms as operations officer. The First Division, commanded in turn by Generals Bullard and Summerall, was one of the best in the American Army. It was the springboard for a dozen brilliant Service careers, including Marshall's. Pershing made him operations officer of the First American Army, comprising nine or ten divisions, when it was organized in August. Marshall's most celebrated job during the war was his transfer of this army of 500,000 men and 2,700 guns from the battlefield of St. Mihiel to the Argonne in less than two weeks, a switch performed so deftly—the troops moving only at night, to foil airplane observers—that the Germans were unaware of it until the Argonne offensive began. Pershing has never forgotten that bit of virtuosity.

Marshall came back to America a full wartime colonel and was promptly demoted, like almost everyone else, resuming his career in the Regular establishment as a major. Advancement goes by the inexorable laws of seniority in the United States Army until an officer reaches the rank of colonel. After that, the War Department may promote him as rapidly as it wishes. Marshall and a number of other officers who had distinguished themselves were marked for a quick rise once they gained their colonelcies, but in the meantime they were bound to the wheel. Between 1919 and 1924 he was General Pershing's aide-de-camp in Washington, and then served a tour of duty in China and five years at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, which he transformed from a mere school of technique into an important school of command for junior officers. He was serving as senior instructor to the Illinois National Guard when, in 1934, the magic hour struck. He became a colonel. Eleven years of Army life lay between him and the mandatory retirement age of sixty-four.

In 1936, Marshall became a brigadier general and was assigned to duty at Vancouver, Washington. His record had already indicated a rapid advance-



"We'll trade you some Scotch for some of your tomato soup."



WE don't venture to predict that the thermos of hot soup will ever entirely replace the old-fashioned football flask. But it's surprising these days the occasions people find where soup just fits and is warmly welcome.

"Hot soup for cold people" is the rule. And a fine one for stopping the shivers and warming up is Campbell's Tomato Soup. It looks comforting, it smells comforting, *and it is!*

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ment, but his physical vigor was an added recommendation in the eyes of General Malin L. Craig, then Chief of Staff, and of Louis Johnson, who, upon his appointment as Assistant Secretary of War in 1937, became the energizing force in the Department. Marshall could have served as a photographer's model for the type of rugged, young-looking officer Craig wanted. In the light of what has since happened to the French High Command, whose generals were continued in service long past their physical prime, this prejudice in favor of muscular generals appears far from frivolous. Marshall was ordered East to Washington and installed as Chief of the War Plans Division of the General Staff. Toward the end of 1938 he was made Deputy Chief of Staff, a post usually reserved for major generals, and he was still a brigadier general in May, 1939, when Craig, who was scheduled to retire in September of that year, took a leave of absence. President Roosevelt appointed Marshall Acting Chief of Staff in Craig's place, advancing him over the heads of twenty major generals and fourteen brigadiers who were his seniors, a jump that was less startling than it seemed. A Chief of Staff is appointed to serve a fixed term of four years, and few indeed of the thirty-four generals senior to Marshall in 1939 had four years left before retirement. There was newspaper comment on the circumstance that Marshall was not a West Pointer, but six of the preceding fourteen Chiefs of Staff had not been graduates of that school. The Chief of Staff assumes the rank of full general when he begins his term and automatically ranks all other officers of the Army. Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, the only other candidate seriously considered, was not a West Pointer either.

In war it is an advantage not to be too closely tied to an intellectual concept. The French refused to credit their own observers in Poland because the observations did not fit the flawless logic of the High Command's theory. The lessons of the Polish campaign were acted upon more quickly by the General Staff here

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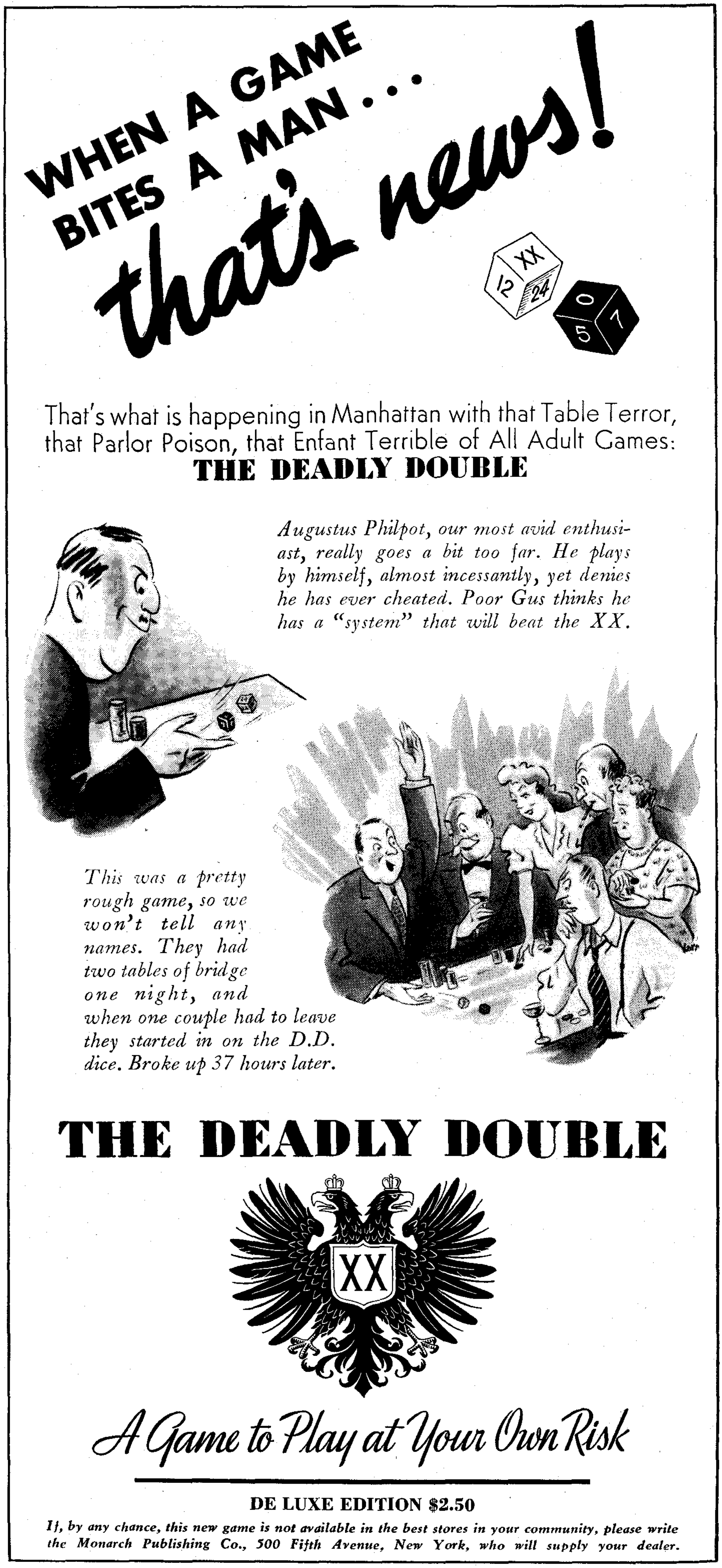
than by the general staffs of France and England. American military thought is at least eclectic and relatively unhampered by preconceptions. Marshall is alarmed even by the fact that laymen tended to form a set of preconceptions after reading newspaper headlines about the campaign in the Low Countries and France. "To hear some people talk," he says, "you'd think armies were made up just of tanks and dive bombers now." One of the things about the German campaigns that impressed him most was the work of the Signal Corps troops, the coördinating unit in the apparently impromptu advances, who kept even attack planes and isolated motorcycle detachments in liaison with the commanders of larger units. Another was the performance of the engineers who accompanied the tank divisions and made a joke of tank traps. "It was teamwork that made their plays click," the former All-Southern tackle says earnestly. "Why, they couldn't have moved more smoothly if they had been coached by Rockne."

EVER since his appointment as Chief of Staff, Marshall has put in a phenomenally long working day. This is made possible by his physical strength and by what seems on first acquaintance a depressing lack of outside interests. He gets up at six o'clock every morning in his home on Officers' Row at Fort Myer, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington, and goes horseback riding for an hour. At seven-thirty he is in his office reading mail, and by eight he is hearing officers who present digests of staff studies on specific phases of the defence program. He has five Assistant Chiefs of Staff, assigned to Personnel, Intelligence, Operations, Supply, and War Plans, with whom he consults almost daily, and he is also in touch with all the Chiefs of Arms and Services, from the Air Corps to the Quartermaster Corps. A secondary General Staff has recently been set up to deal especially with the procurement of matériel, and a third organization, known as General Headquarters, to handle the units in the field as they come into being. The primary General Staff must decide all questions of policy.

Marshall has an Early American sense of responsibility, nourished upon the writings of Benjamin Franklin, his favorite author. He supports many of his decisions by invariably accurate references to the campaigns of the conscientious Stonewall Jackson, a former member of the faculty of Virginia Mili-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This was a pretty rough game, so we won't tell any names. They had two tables of bridge one night, and when one couple had to leave they started in on the D.D. dice. Broke up 37 hours later.

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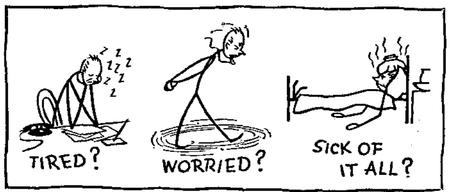
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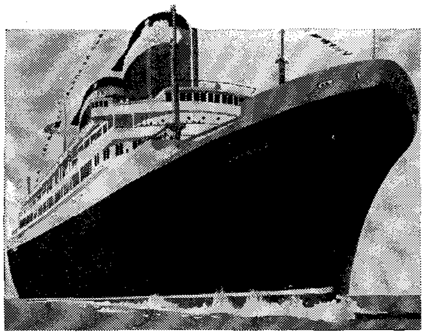

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tary Institute. He insists on maintaining almost physical touch with every department of the Army's increasingly complex organization. Friendly critics sometimes say he is spreading himself too thin by trying to live the whole rearmament effort in his own person. Their advice makes little impression on the General. When he can arrange a day free from Washington routine, he climbs into the Beechcraft transport plane that is reserved for him at Bolling Field and lights out for a distant Corps Area to see a demonstration of some new weapon or tactic. An Air Corps captain named Lewis Parker is always his pilot on these trips, which have totalled 28,000 miles since he became Chief of Staff. The General has also made one flying trip to Hawaii by Pan American, and one flight to Brazil in a big Douglas Army transport which was calculated to be much more impressive to Latin Americans than the Beechcraft. He was pursued all over Brazil by native military bands which played the Naval Academy's football song, "Anchors Aweigh," in the belief that it was the national anthem of the United States. The General feels that he was framed by some American rear admiral with a clumsy sense of humor.

IN the evening, after a long day in his office, he takes a second horseback ride. He is not in any sense a horsy man; the riding is strictly for exercise, and although he has favorite mounts, they are undistinguished animals. He returns home invariably burdened with typewritten reports from observers abroad, which he reads until about eleven o'clock. The Marshall home, officially known as No. 1, Fort Myer, is one of those unadorned boxes to be observed on the Officers' Row of any military or naval reservation. It was occupied by the General's predecessors in office, General Craig and General MacArthur. General MacArthur, now retired, lives in a penthouse atop the best hotel in Manila, and is possibly the only Regular Army officer who ever attained such luxury. He is the military adviser to the Philippine government and gets $50,000 a year, which is almost exactly five times what General Marshall is paid. The current Chief of Staff receives a basic pay of $8,000 a year, $2,200 a year for extra expenses during his four-year term of office, and an annual allowance of $432 for "subsistence," which means food. If he didn't live on a government reservation, he would be entitled, in addition to this, to $120 a month for house rent, which would

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not pay for much of an establishment in Washington.

Marshall has been married since 1930 to the former Mrs. Katherine Boyce Tupper Brown of Baltimore. His first wife, Miss Elizabeth Coles of Lexington, who died in 1927, was a college-town sweetheart whom he married as a young second lieutenant and took with him on his first tour of duty in the Philippines. They had no children. The second Mrs. Marshall, a friendly, chatty woman who had a brief career as a Shakespearean actress before her first marriage, has two sons and a daughter, who were in their teens when she married the General. Molly Brown, the daughter, lives with the Marshalls at Fort Myer and was his favorite tennis doubles partner until he gave up playing a couple of years ago because of the increased pressure of work. His game was based on a strategic combination of cross-court shots and chops and was extraordinarily good for a general officer. One of his stepsons is an employee of a Wall Street house, and the other works for a small radio station in Poughkeepsie. In more peaceful years the Marshalls spent part of every summer on Fire Island, where they own a cottage, and the General was known to neighbors as a ping-pong expert, a good bridge player without being fanatical about it, and an unimpressive swimmer. He is a sociable man, but he has never been fond of what is officially considered social life in Washington and usually avoids receptions. In the autumn he always manages to take in a few football games. He likes to see V.M.I. play whenever possible. When it isn't, he likes to watch high-school teams, because they are so earnest. The sight of any fellow tackling another fellow real hard gives him deep pleasure. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN APPLETON, WIS.

[*From the Appleton Post-Crescent*]

C. S. Douglas, his daughters, Jane and Ida May, and his son, Junior, left for their home at Kansas City, Mo., yesterday after spending the Labor day holidays here as the guests of Judge and Mrs. Fred V. Heinemann, N. Green Bay street. They arrived last Friday evening and spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday cruising on the Wolf river on the Heinemanns' boat. Mrs. J. L. Jacquot, Appleton, was also in the party. Tuesday night Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Pardee entertained at a family garden party and steak fry for the visitors. The pleasure of the visit was mingled with sadness, for Mr. Douglas brought with him the ashes of his wife, May Pardee Douglas, who died July 30. Burial took place Saturday morning in the C. A. Pardee family lot at Riverside cemetery.

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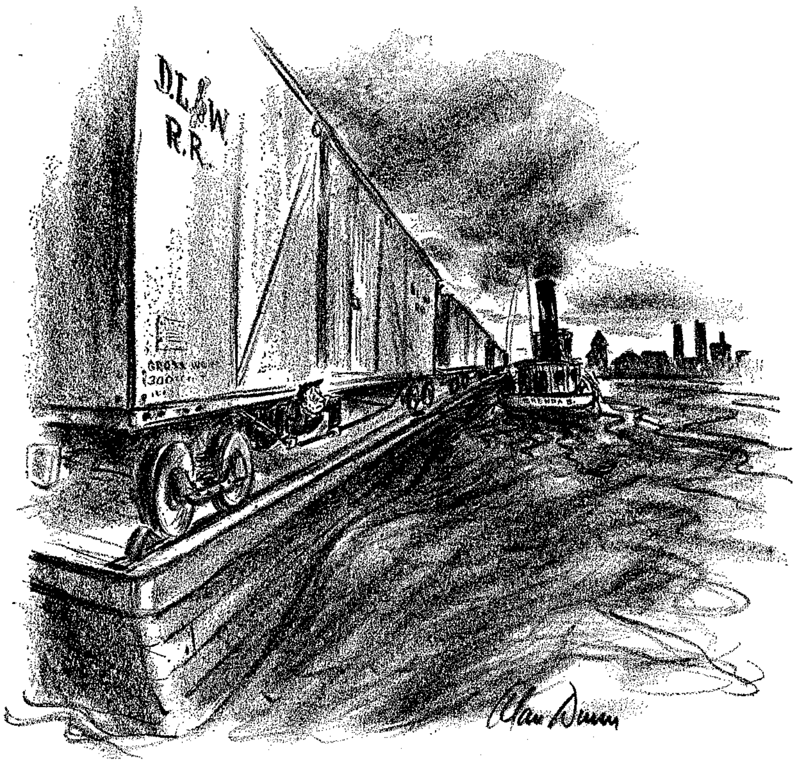
THE THEATRE

HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is a considerable stretch of rolling farm land down in the southeast corner of the state. The natives for the most part devote their extra energy to painting hex signs on one another's barns or even sometimes to a little quiet homicide. There is, however, also a powerful contingent of metropolitan literary figures, and these people write books and plays and articles of an intelligent though pugnacious character for the best magazines. They are a picturesque crew, and it was inevitable, I suppose, that sooner or later a drama would be born interpreting Bucks County to the world. It has. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, both transients in paradise, have written a play called "George Washington Slept Here," which seems to me funny, expert, and the best argument against living in the State of Pennsylvania I have seen since a childhood visit to Altoona.

The story told by Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart is about as tenuous as it can possibly be. A small, anxious man called Newton Fuller, who has a feeling for the land and the past, stumbles on the ruins of a Pennsylvania farmhouse where, according to some of the local liars, George Washington once spent the night. He buys it and moves in with his wife and daughter. As might be expected, nothing works. The artesian well delivers no water, though a shaft is bored nearly to hell; the only road leads through the property of a neighbor who will allow no one else to use it; both the hired man and the cook appear to be the results of a long series of alliances with the Jukes family, and she, it soons turns out, is not only feeble-minded but quite pregnant, too. As if none of this were enough, the unhappy family is also afflicted with a demon boy called Raymond, who spends a good deal of his time hiding under the sofa; a rich old uncle, actually a bankrupt; and an almost endless succession of very exasperating callers, including an actress from a nearby summer theatre. For one reason or another, Mr. Fuller is threatened with the loss of this chamber of horrors and although it was hard to see why he'd object to that, he does. In the end, however, everything works out for the best, or at least for what Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart obviously regard as the best. Without having the prodigal and careless invention of some of their other works, "George Washington Slept Here" is nevertheless a very pleasant comedy for anybody to see. To those who have recently been transplanted to some similar countryside, the piece at the Lyceum may well seem a work of genius.



The cast is large and, I think, just about perfect. It isn't necessary to say much about Ernest Truex or Jean Dixon, whose bleak expression while looking over her new home is one of my happiest memories of the evening, and the others seem just about as good. The most active of them are Dudley Digges, Percy Kilbride, Ruth Weston, and Paula Trueman.

The revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Cort is probably the best production this celebrated antique ever got in its life, thanks largely to Joshua Logan's brilliantly original direction and José Ferrer's performance in the leading rôle. After going through some twenty years under the impression that Brandon Thomas's play was a majestic old bore, I was greatly surprised to find that it could be made into anything so charming, witty, and handsome. It is just possible that I will wind up someday liking "The Admirable Crichton." In addition to Mr. Ferrer, the cast includes Arthur Margetson, Nedda Harrigan, and three very pretty girls called Mary Mason, Phyllis Avery, and Katherine Wiman.

"Blind Alley," as you probably remember, is a melodrama about a psychiatrist who drives a gunman to suicide by demonstrating to him that he is in love with his mother, among other interesting things. I regret to say that this notion seemed to me a little silly five years ago, and it still does now. There are some exciting moments at the Windsor, largely provided by Roy Hargrave, as vicious a gangster as you're likely to see in the theatre, but the long periods of analysis get monotonous, no matter how lurid Mr. Hargrave's reminiscences.

In fact, the whole thing struck me somehow as innocently daring, and the medical jargon had a strangely old-fashioned air about it, almost as if somebody had been digging up Dr. Coué. James Todd has replaced George Coulouris as the analyst in this version, and perhaps he wasn't an altogether happy selection. To be convincing at all, the part needs a quality of hardness and urbanity; Mr. Todd, I'm afraid, just suggests a kindly old g. p.

—Wolcott Gibbs

OF ALL THINGS

Hitler has moved into the Balkans because he finds the British lacking in hospitality. The more he sees of the English Channel, the better he likes the Black Sea.

•

The Nazis have discovered a way to make edible fats out of coal. It sounds like good butter to have guns instead of.

•

Our foreign correspondents are convinced that the Axis leaders favor a defeat for our President. It is not that they hate Willkie less but Roosevelt more.

•

The reason that the President has decided to participate in the campaign is obvious. His attention-caller has told him that there is one.

•

Republicans quote Jefferson against third terms and Democrats love what Lincoln said about horses. The Hatch Act does not forbid parties to steal each other's statesmen.

•

The British complain that they cannot find hide or hair of the Italian Navy. Probably the Duce is saving it up for the war after next.

•

The eminent pulse-feelers, Dr. Gallup and Emil Hurja, disagree as to the probable result of the election. We may have to leave the matter to cheer meters and hissographs.

•

It has been revealed that Chicagoans sometimes sell their votes for a quarter. The electorate out there is not as corrupt as had been supposed.

•

Engineers are working on a device for transmitting electric power through the air. It is stated that the broadcasting of electricity is just around six or seven corners.

•

A geologist predicts that it will be fair and warmer for the next sixty-five years. For the next century: partly cloudy, with possible showers.

•

The newspapers were starry-eyed about the great democratic army which registered for the draft. Along with mere human beings were a hundred movie stars, five Rockefellers, and one Joe Louis. —Howard Brubaker

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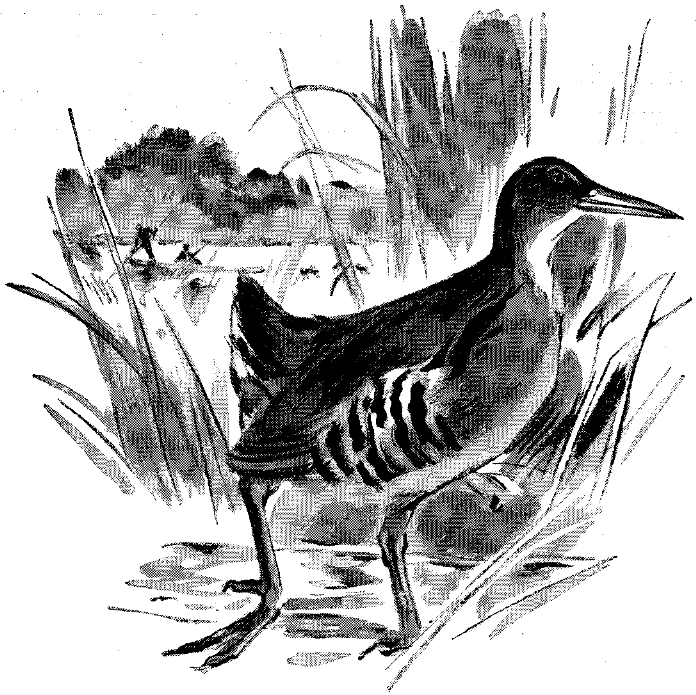

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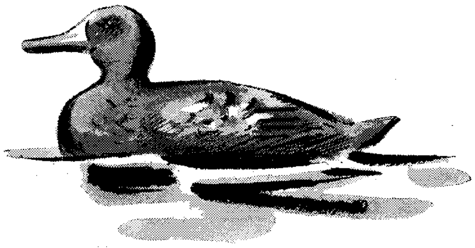

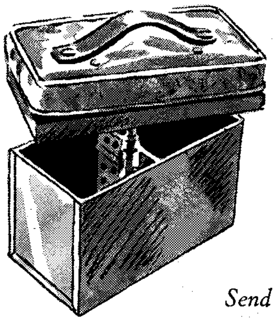

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A REPORTER IN LONDON

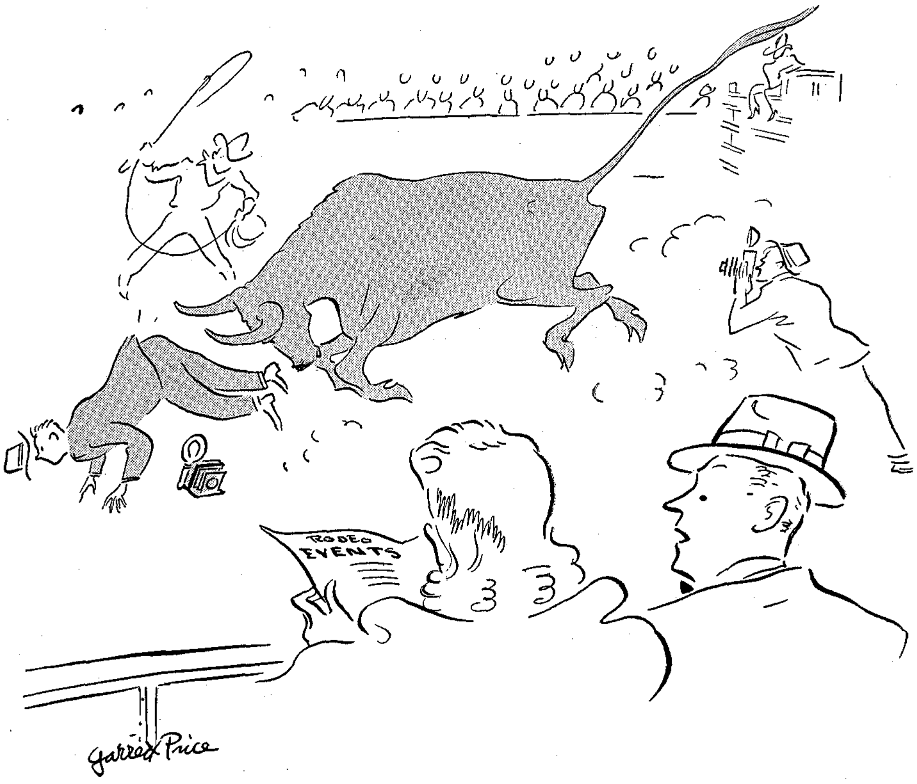
IT'S A BIT CONGESTED

SINCE the start of the really big raids on London six weeks ago, a whole flock of new problems have presented themselves to the harassed authorities. People who have been bombed out of their houses have to be found new homes; whenever possible, those with children are evacuated to the country. There are also families who have been turned out of their homes because a time bomb has fallen near them and who have to wait somewhere until the bomb is removed or explodes, making it safe to go back again. All this takes time, and these homeless folk must be cared for while they are waiting. They must be fed and provided with a reasonably safe place in which to sleep, and for that purpose rest and feeding centres have been set up in every borough, some of them with their own air-raid shelters. One such centre is the Mary Ward Settlement, a community house in a district where rows of dignified old Georgian mansions are apt to distract one's attention from slums that are right around the corner. An acquaintance of mine, Miss Mann, is the secretary of the Settlement, and I went there one evening not long ago to spend the night. A short while before my visit, the Settlement had got permission to convert the cellar of a handsome new office building a few steps down the street into an air-raid shelter of its own; before that, it had had to send its charges to a big public shelter nearby. Miss Mann had told me that I might visit both and that I could sleep in the Settlement's shelter. "It's nicer in ours," she said emphatically. "They get two or three hundred people every night down there in the public shelter, so you can imagine it's a bit congested."

IT was just getting dusk when I arrived, but the usual evening sirens had not yet sounded. The Settlement, which is housed in a couple of sooty red brick buildings of comfortable Victorian design, was founded by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, and in peacetime was a meeting place for educational and vocational clubs for young people and adults. Miss Mann, a dark young woman with an exceedingly calm and competent manner, was just going to supper as I came in, and she took me along with her into a brightly lighted dining room where three people were sitting at one of several small tables. We joined them, and Miss Mann introduced me. They were Mr. and Mrs. Faithful Davis and a young man whose name I didn't catch. Mr. Davis runs the boys' clubs at the Settlement. His wife had only just come to London from the country, and she was excited at the prospect of hearing the barrage for the first time. Miss Mann said that she would lend her a pair of slacks, because sleeping in a skirt doesn't do it any good.

While we were having supper—macaroni and cheese, treacle tart, and coffee—Miss Mann explained apologetically that I hadn't chosen a very typical evening, because there would be only about thirty people sleeping in the Settlement's shelter. Though the barrage had been noisier than usual the last three nights, there hadn't been anywhere near so many bombs, and few of them had fallen in the neighborhood. This had meant a breathing space in which to sort out the Settlement refugees and fix them up with billets, and now only a few remained. "After bad nights we get anything up to three hundred," said Miss Mann. "Directly the all-clear goes, the staff comes over from the shelter and makes tea, and then the refugees start to come in. They're pretty amazing. There has been some horrible bomb damage round here, but I don't think I've seen a single hysterical person. Some of them have just been dug out, probably, but their reaction always seems to be anger, not fright. The worse it gets, the angrier they feel with the Germans and the more determined to see it through, no matter what happens." She said that the homeless people who were staying in the Settlement now were already in the shelter for the night. We talked about the barrage, and everyone was rather optimistic, observing that it seemed to be scattering the German attacks and that much of the time the raiders were turned back at the suburbs. While we were talking, the sirens sounded.

Miss Mann took me along to meet Mr. Walkinshaw, the warden of the Settlement, who was a middle-aged, gray-mustached man with mild blue eyes behind glasses. He looked a good deal like a vague, lovable Mr. Chips, but in view of the esteem with which his staff appeared to regard him, the vagueness was probably deceptive. He showed me the book in which the homeless are registered when they come in and their destinations recorded when they leave. "We get soldiers and sailors turning up here all the time, asking if we know anything about their families," he said. "They come home on leave and find their houses flat. Then they begin to get worried."



"I don't think you'll find it in the program, dear."

PRESENTLY, Miss Mann and I left for the shelter. On the way over, she told me about one night when the Settlement was still using the public shelter and an old lady had died there of heart failure. The shelter marshals had been faced with the problem of getting rid of the body, which the ambulance people, because of some technicality, refused to take away. "The shelter's first-aid workers felt it was a bad advertisement for them, right there in the middle of everything," said Miss Mann. She wasn't sure what had finally been done about the situation.

It was a fine, starry night that would have been nice for strolling in more reasonable times. As yet, no searchlights were to be seen or guns to be heard. The entrance to the Settlement's shelter was an iron staircase flanked by dustbins. We had no flashlight, for a recent ruling forbids the use of one during a raid, so, with Miss Mann leading, I gingerly groped my way down in darkness to a short passage which brought us to a room with a concrete floor and doors opening into two other rooms. All of them were lit by electric light. There were several people in the first room, chatting and smoking cigarettes; Miss Mann explained that it was the only part of the shelter where smoking was allowed. She introduced me to a Mr. Wray, a tall, dark man who was on duty as shelter marshal that night. Shelter marshals are there to settle disputes over places on the floor, to see that people don't overflow into the passageways, and generally to keep law and order. I also met a Mr. Rawlinson, who had been on the verge of taking a medical degree at Strasbourg when the war broke out, and a Mr. Hughman, a spectacled young man who worked at the Settlement.

We had just begun talking when we heard several explosions that sounded far off. The night raids had begun. "You don't hear it much down here," said Mr. Wray proudly. "This is one of the best shelters I've ever seen. See that?" He pointed to the ceiling. "Eighteen inches of concrete overhead." "Those big new guns shake it up a bit, though," said Mr. Hughman. "Oh, it gets shaken up, all right," Mr. Wray admitted. "The other night the Germans dropped some really heavy stuff just around the corner, and we felt the blast considerably even down here. All my people had been blown out of their own homes only the night before, and naturally they were rather on edge. It took me quite half an hour to calm them down and get them off to sleep again."

We went into one of the adjoining rooms, and Mr. Wray showed me where I was to sleep. A lot of mattresses were ranged along the walls, and on them about a dozen people were

for a quick comeback

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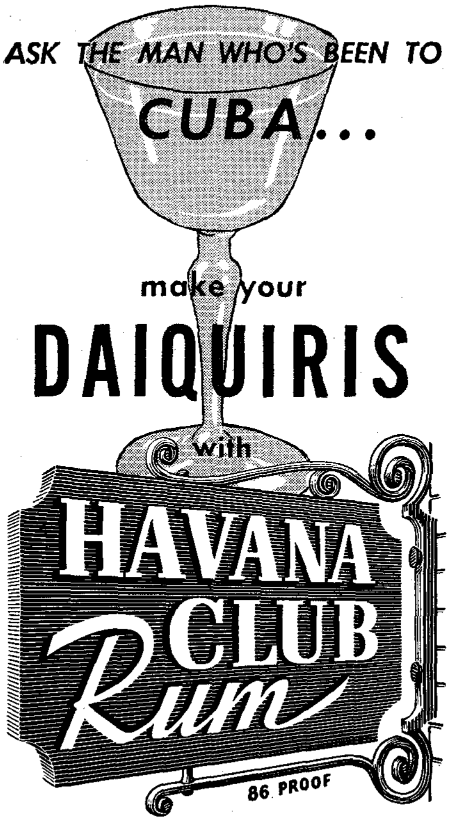

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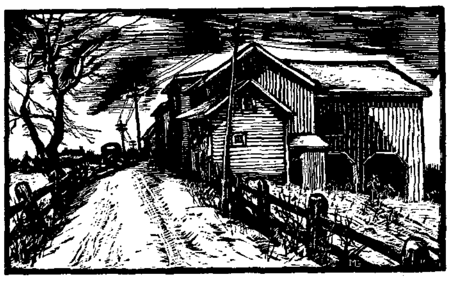
bedded down under brown blankets. Although it was not later than eight o'clock, the refugees seemed to be already asleep, taking advantage, apparently, of the quieter early hours of evening before a possibly unpleasant night later on. Down at one end, a man was snoring peacefully, showing only a dirty, bald forehead over the blankets. "Sometimes the snorers quite drown the barrage," said Mr. Wray. The mattress on which I was to sleep was beside a brick-framed opening in the wall, which I took to be a half-finished fireplace but which, Mr. Wray explained, was a funk hole to which we could make our way in an emergency.

The third room was more crowded. A whole row of men and women and children were occupying mattresses along the walls. Some were already asleep; others were sitting up, chatting with their neighbors. Stout matrons in dingy wrappers shuffled by us to the washroom. The guns outside were pretty loud now, but no one seemed to take notice. The mother of a small girl who was fast asleep in one corner told me happily, "She's slept all the nights we've been down here." The Settlement, Miss Mann said, was going to evacuate the pair to the country the next day. A smart-looking little Red Cross nurse showed me where I could get a drink of water if I wanted one in the night. Mr. Wray had pointed her out as a new addition to the shelter, explaining that her job was to keep an eye on the children and the old people. It developed that she was an American from West Virginia and ought, so she told us, to be back there this minute. "But here," she said radiantly, "I am."

OUR conversation was interrupted by Miss Mann, who suggested that we should go around and visit the public shelter. She produced a tin hat for me, since it isn't very healthy to walk around in a barrage without one. We had to wait for a few minutes in the doorway before slipping out, because the barrage had really warmed up. Immense flashes brightened the sky every few seconds and there were several loud crashes that might have been guns or bombs. I couldn't tell. We could hear planes high overhead and thin, whistling sounds, which we knew were screaming bombs. Miss Mann said comfortingly that she thought they were a good way off. In the first lull we made a dive for it, barking our shins on the dustbins as we scrambled up to ground level. There were still flashes and explosions at intervals as we hurried along. Miss Mann recalled one particularly noisy night when a worried woman warden had popped up and insisted on convoying a group from the Settlement to the public shelter. At every bang, the woman had shouted, "Throw yourself on your stomach!," with the result that the party, following her orders, had taken about half an hour to go a hundred yards. Just after they had all reached the shelter, safe though breathless, someone had been thoughtless enough to bang a door, whereupon the lady had shouted "Throw yourself on your stomach!" and had automatically flopped down again.

Red lanterns marked the entrance to the public shelter, which was at the foot of a flight of rough steps. At the bottom was a sort of little annex which smelt of drains and tobacco smoke—the lavatories were just off it and a lot of people were sitting around in it enjoying cigarettes, which are forbidden in the main shelter. We went on through into the first of two big rooms, both of which had electric lights and concrete floors. It was as full of recumbent figures as a beach on an August afternoon. There must have been about two hundred men and women lying in rows on the floor, lying or sitting on wooden benches, or propped up against the walls. It was difficult at first to make out the children, but quite a few were there, curled up in nests of rugs, paper bags, and biscuit crumbs beside the vast, seal-like bulks of dozing parents. People were reading newspapers, visiting up and down the rows, or lying under their bedcovers, gossiping with the family next door; only a few had achieved the feat of going to sleep amidst such animation. Several groups were eating supper and drinking tea out of thermos flasks as cozily as though they were picnicking on a Surrey common. Many of the women were knitting or sewing, and one girl was busily doing shorthand exercises in a notebook, frowning in an effort to concentrate while a couple of kids carried on a pillow fight beside her with two old bolsters.

Miss Mann said it was against the rules to bring one's own mattress. "It wasn't at first," she said, "and some of



them were crawling." Dogs and cats are forbidden in the shelter, and a sharp lookout has to be kept by the marshals for queer-shaped bundles that frequently turn out to contain them. Bootleg pets are confiscated and taken care of elsewhere. Miss Mann explained that the same families came to this shelter night after night, so after several weeks of bombing everybody knew everybody and the atmosphere was rather like that of a jolly social club. It was also overpoweringly warm and smelled of oranges, babies' bottles, and closely packed humanity. "We give it a spray of disinfectant now and then," said one of the marshals, an eager-looking young man in a tin hat who was a friend of Miss Mann's. He seemed proud of his shelter. "They're a nice bunch here," he said affectionately. "None of them give any trouble." It struck me that the only people who looked as though the situation was too much for them were the old men and women. One elderly lady sitting in a wheelchair near us was wrapped in a moth-eaten fur cape, above which her twitching face turned from side to side with a helpless, bewildered expression. The younger people, more adaptable, seemed to take everything in their stride, and even to find it fairly diverting. The girls strolling past us with arms linked looked attractive in their slacks, and one or two promising flirtations were starting up between comely young women and their admirers a couple of eiderdowns away.

"Come and see the shelter baby," said the marshal. "We've got one that's only three months old." I followed him into the second, and equally crowded, room. Pipes ran across the ceiling and people had used them to hang gas masks and outer garments on. There was very little undressing. Some of the men had taken off their collars and ties, but most of them spoiled the effect of being at ease by keeping their hats firmly on. There was an alcove, hardly more than a cupboard, at one end of this room and in it were ten people lying down feet to feet. It was with difficulty that the marshal singled out the shelter baby from among all the bodies—a small, placid infant named Margaret Rose, who appeared to be doing nicely in an atmosphere which would have made a child-welfare worker yelp with horror. The other occupants of the cupboard said proudly that she didn't keep them awake at all, and her young mother told us, "She's been ever so good. Doesn't seem to notice the bangs at all. . . . Do you, duck?" While we were looking at Margaret Rose, a girl in dark-blue warden's over-

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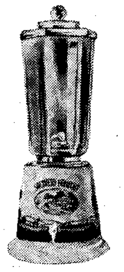

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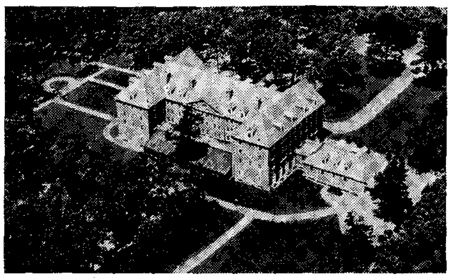

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alls rushed in and shouted, "All clear!" An early all-clear had come through the night before, but it had proved short-lived, so this time there was an ironic cheer. "As I said last night, baloney," remarked one man, grinning. None of the refugees made any move to leave.

MISS MANN and I took advantage of the all-clear to go back to the Settlement shelter. Compared to the one which we had just left, it looked wonderfully uncluttered, and sleeping with only about thirty people instead of two hundred seemed the last word in privacy and elegance. We settled down on our mattresses and Miss Mann brought out some knitting. Mr. Rawlinson, the ex-medical student, was lying on a mattress nearby, writing in a notebook, and Mr. Wray, the marshal, was enthroned in a cane lounge chair, engaged in the housewifely job of darning socks. Although the lights were still on, most of the refugees appeared to be asleep. The sirens began again and the guns started, but no one stirred. These people had everything in the world to worry about—loss of home and belongings, an uncomfortable present, an uncertain future—yet they were sleeping as peacefully as though there wasn't any such thing as a Luftwaffe.

The firing became much heavier. We could hear planes bumbling around overhead, and suddenly there was a series of appalling crashes that sounded just across the street. The sweet, domestic harmony in the shelter was unbroken, however. Mr. Wray meditatively threaded a needle with gray wool, Mr. Rawlinson went on writing, and Miss Mann studied the pages of *Vogue*, which she had produced from her bag. "Will you look at that hat?" she demanded scornfully. The building shuddered slightly and Mr. Wray said that would be the big gun. Across the room, the occupant of one of the mattresses, visible only as a huddled shape and two large bare feet sticking out starkly at the end of the blankets, called hoarsely in his sleep. Mr. Wray put down the sock he was working on and went over to cover the man up and to ask gently, "Are you all right?" "I'm all right. I was having a dream," the man said. Then Mr. Rawlinson put away his writing, took off his shoes and tie, and wished us a polite good night, as though he were going to take his candlestick and retire to a chintzy bedroom instead of climbing under some blankets a couple of feet away. Mr. Wray turned out the lights and settled back in his chair. The rooms were now only dimly lit by storm lanterns at the doors.

I didn't sleep very well. The barrage died away and increased again, like a tempest, all night. Sometimes it was short and staccato, and sometimes fortissimo, with crashes and echoes that sounded unpleasantly like blocks of masonry coming down. Now and then I peeped at Mr. Wray and occasionally saw him reading by the light of the storm lanterns, but more often he was sitting with his hands folded, staring reflectively before him.

I finally fell asleep, and next heard someone say "What time is it?" and Mr. Wray answer, "It's six-twenty. The all-clear has just gone." Two men were shuffling toward the washroom, yawning and pulling up their trousers; slowly the anonymous brown bundles turned into men and women sleepily scratching their heads and blacking up shoes. A ratty, anxious-looking little man on his way to the washroom darted toward me and asked, "Could you lend me a mirror, Miss? Sorry to have to ask." I gave him mine, and he came back some minutes later, all slicked up, and returned it. Everyone was rolling up his bedding preparatory to going over to the Settlement for breakfast, and presently Miss Mann and I went over, too. It was raining, and I had the frowzy feeling that one gets after sleeping not very well in one's clothes.

THE young woman serving out the tea in the Settlement dining room looked fresh and bright, with not a hair out of place. A young man in the khaki uniform of the Home Guard was lighting the fire. "This is Polly, our own Home Guard," said Miss Mann. "He goes round the neighborhood every morning and takes a look to see what has come down in the night. What's it like this morning, Polly?" "Nothing very close to here," said Polly. "Thank goodness!" said Miss Mann. "Then there won't be any new lots in this morning." I stood watching while people straggled in and sat down at a long table spread with mugs and plates of bread and jam. On a side table, there was tea and an enormous steaming bowl of porridge. The warden turned up from somewhere, looking rumpled but benign, with a huge woollen scarf wound around his neck, and sat next to me. "What a good night's sleep! I didn't hear a sound, did you?" he said. The ratty little man spotted me and came over to inquire, "Could I have a clean napkin for the baby, Miss? Sorry to have to ask." "Certainly, certainly," said the warden, waving his porridge spoon vaguely toward Miss Mann. "And you'd like a bottle of milk for the baby, too, I daresay." As the fellow went away, he observed, "He and his family have been with us ten days. Usually we find them billets quicker than that. They'll be off today, I hope."

When breakfast was over, some of the men wandered out. Most of the women sat listlessly, looking at nothing. In their own homes they would have been busy with sweeping and cooking and washing, but those homes were gone, and it was difficult to know what to do with so much spare time. Their hands lay in their laps, as though weighed down with the burden of unaccustomed ease. I asked Miss Mann what they would do all day, and she said that they would sit around and wait. "If it's fine later, they'll probably go out for a bit of a walk," she said. "Then what will they do?" I asked. "Come back and sit around and wait," said Miss Mann.

WHEN I left, they were doing just that—sitting around and waiting. The children were whooping and shouting, finding this place as good as another, but their elders sat quietly, not talking much. Soon the billeting officer would be around and the public-assistance officer and someone to see about evacuating the mothers and children to the country. Perhaps by night many of these women would be starting again in new surroundings. Until then there was nothing to do. When the bombs fell on their homes they had been furiously angry, but now they were just patient, trusting that something would be done by someone to tidy up the hanging ends of their amputated lives.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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[*From "The Sisters," by Myron Brinig*]

She was a sturdy woman of forty with ... a warm, claret-colored complexion. —*Page 12.*

He was a handsome old fellow with sherry-tinted cheeks. —*Page 117.*

His face was round and fleshy, Burgundy-colored ... —*Page 193.*

He was a little ridiculous with his bald head ... and his round, sherry-red cheeks ... —*Page 230.*

... a dark, mahogany color stained his cheeks, almost the same deep red color as the Burgundy. —*Page 315.*

... a large, beery-faced woman ... —*Page 375.*

... his cheeks warmed with a fruity Burgundy red ... —*Page 503.*

... the liquor-colored faces of touts ... —*Page 515.*

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VOTE

THE problems that would have to be solved before I could qualify to vote were so complicated that I resolved to feed the facts slowly to the three registration officials in Pelham, where I was temporarily residing. I knew that if I gave my whole story all at once, I wouldn't have a chance.

The first registrar, the one to whom I gave my name, was a tall, agreeable-looking man I could see would listen to reason. The second was a much younger man who had little to say and, as it turned out, not much chance to say that. No. 3 was a stocky, middle-aged man with a belligerent expression and a bull-like voice. On his lapel he wore a Willkie button. He was the one, I decided, from whom I could expect real trouble.

I started off by saying that I had lived in the district for thirty days, as required of a would-be voter, but that for the state, my record wasn't so clear. I had spent half the past year in Florida and the other half in New York. That, I thought, was about enough to reveal for the moment.

It appeared at first to be sufficient to disqualify me entirely as a voter. No. 1 registrar shook his head sorrowfully. No. 2 began to say, "I don't—" No. 3 cut him off by announcing that I was out, definitely, and looked at the next person waiting in line to register.

"Wait a minute," said No. 1. Referring to me, he said, "The point is he's a citizen and has a right to vote."

"He loses his right," stated No. 3 emphatically. "He hasn't been a year in the state."

I pointed out that my legal residence was in New York State and said I hoped something could be done about letting me vote. My eyes were drawn to the Willkie button on No. 3's lapel, and he appeared to soften personally but not officially.

No. 1 asked me if I went to Florida on business, and when I answered truthfully that I did, he said again, "The point is he's a citizen and has a right to vote."

No. 2 began, "I think—"

"I don't know," said No. 3. "I don't know at all." He seemed to be considering. He gazed at me suspiciously, as if wondering whether there was any chance that I could possibly be going to vote for That Man.

I tried to look with meaning at No. 3's button. While he was teetering over his decision, I thought it a good time to admit that until this year I had lived in New Rochelle, and had voted there last. This seemed to make matters so involved that the main point was lost for a moment. The possibility that I might be planning to vote not only in Pelham but in New Rochelle and Florida as well was mentioned.

In the process of clearing up this complication and speculating on my good faith, serious consideration was given to the idea that Pelham ought to wash its hands of me entirely. But No. 1 pointed out that my clearly established thirty days' residence in the Pelham district made me belong there. The people waiting in line behind me began to get restless. One of them called out, "Let him vote!" Another man, wearing two Willkie buttons, said, "He looks as if he knows the only man to vote for."

"The point is—" No. 1 began.

"Hell!" bellowed No. 3. "Take him down."

Three pens scratched my statistics on the registration books. I waited until they had all finished before I said I would be in Florida on Election Day and asked how they would take care of that for me.

Startled, No. 1 said, "Absentee voter." No. 2 opened his mouth, but that was as far as he got this time before No. 3 groaned loudly. The people in line laughed. Instead of being annoyed by the wait I was causing them, they were amused and on my side.

No. 3 shoved an application for an absentee ballot at me. He explained that after I filled it out I was to send it to the County Election Board at White Plains. A ballot would be forwarded to me in Florida a few days before election, in time for me to mail it to Pelham so my vote could be counted. I gave them the last of it then. Because my Pelham apartment lease was up on November 1st, I was leaving that day by car for Florida, and wouldn't arrive there until Election Day. How could I get my absentee ballot in time?

No. 1 gaped and could think of nothing to say except that the point was that I was a citizen and had a right to vote, though how I was going to do it now stumped him. No. 2 made no effort at all to make himself heard this time. No. 3 threw up his hands, looked alarmingly wild, and began to sputter. When, however, a cheer rose from the waiting line of people, he calmed down. He advised me to send a statement about my movements along with my absentee-ballot application. Thrusting out his chest so that the Willkie button glittered red, white, and blue, he hoped my ballot would be sent to me before I left, or at some place on the way I could designate. He finished by saying that after all this work he wished he weren't prevented by law from giving advice to voters about the right man to vote for.

I thanked everybody, including the waiting people, and left, to a scattering of applause. —THEODORE PRATT

•

FAREWELL TO THE FAIR

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Gardens on alleged Parade;
Railroads ditto; Golden Keys;
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Magna Carta; Junket bags;
Man-made lightning; man-made
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Toots of "Boys and girls together;"
How a car is built by Ford 'n'
How a cow is milked by Borden;
Gadgets other nations have;
House of Jewels; Rainbow Ave.;
Hall of Man; Lagoon of Nations;
Dioramas; comfort stations;
Grover Whalen; Gypsy Lee;
Chance to make a toll call free;
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Heinz's dome; Today's Attendance;
Court of Power; Court of Peace;
Music—and without surcease;
How a whiskey bottle's blown;
Zoos by Buck and Firestone;
Demonstrators pert and pretty;
Wonder Bread; Democracity;
Schaefer's Center; League of Nations;
R.C.A. Communications;
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Stuff in Westinghouse's Capsule;
Harvey Gibson; Frigidaire;
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—AL GRAHAM

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE COWBOY BUSINESS

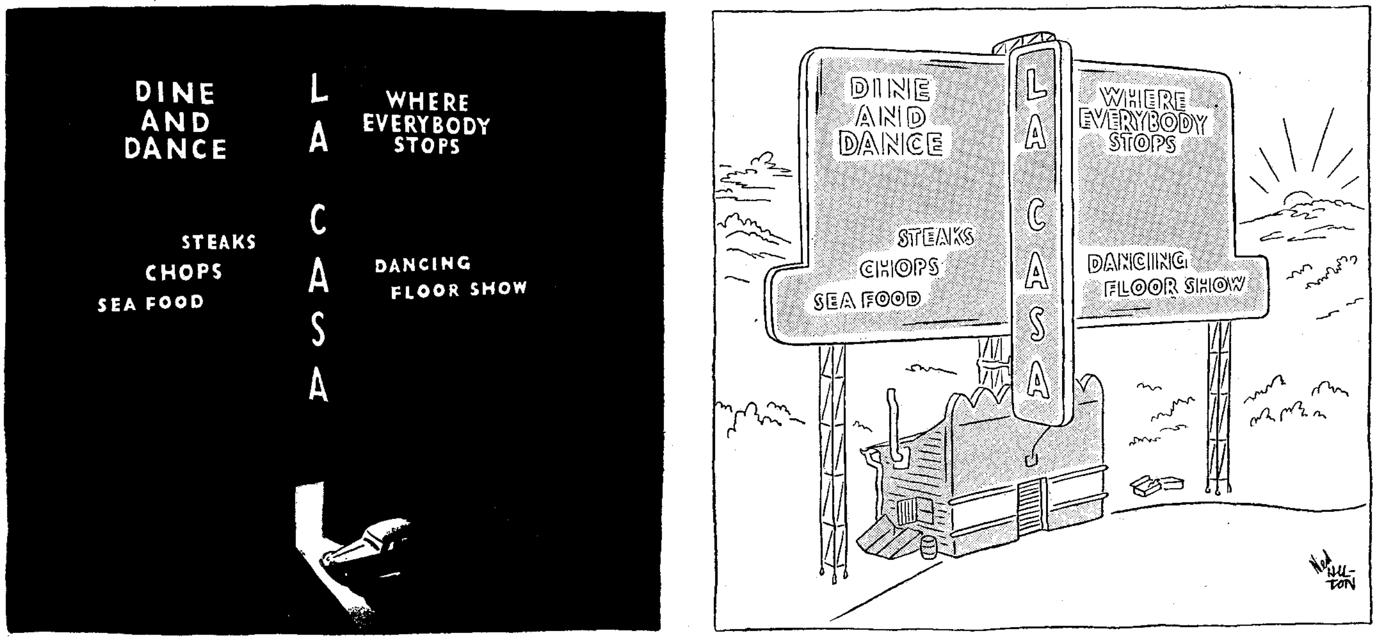
THIS is by way of putting on record the facts about the business of riding in rodeos, a business engaged in by a thousand or so rangy, high-heeled fellows from the West. They suffer, at least those of them who enter the Madison Square Garden Rodeo in New York, from a number of popular doubts and misconceptions. In the first place, a cowboy is to many New Yorkers the hero of a late-afternoon radio program or a fifteen-cent movie. When a New Yorker sees a man dressed as a cowboy teetering out of a hotel on his high heels, he feels the same obscure indignation he would feel if the man were dressed as Peter Pan or the Mad Hatter. Americana ought to keep its own place, and not bob up on Eighth Avenue. And when the New Yorker is told that these men come to New York at their own expense, pay entry fees, and ride for prize money, he becomes even more dubious. Six-day bicycle racers are supposed to ride solely for prizes, aren't they? And everybody knows that they're on a modest salary-plus-expense arrangement, like travelling salesmen. And is riding broncos or bulldogging steers really dangerous? Well, maybe. When an injured rider is carried out of the Garden arena, the faces of the audience express skepticism multiplied by ten thousand.

Rodeo riding definitely is dangerous. Three years ago a man was killed at the Garden. In this country rodeos have caused eleven deaths in the last three years—eight men and three women. Minor injuries are a matter of course among regular contestants, the result of being thrown, trampled, or pushed against the walls of the arena. Also—though this may be only a professional superstition—cowboys claim to be peculiarly susceptible to appendicitis, because of their constant shaking-up on the backs of broncos and wild steers. However, in spite of its dangers, "rodeoing" is not a young man's calling. Most of the topnotchers who are now appearing in the Rodeo at the Garden are in their thirties. Everett Bowman, a bulldogger and roper, who held the championship three years ago, is forty-one. Irby Mundy, another of the Garden contestants, is over fifty.

Mature men will naturally approach a dangerous job in a mature spirit, so it should not really come as a surprise when I tell you that there is a strong cowboys' union. It has thirteen hundred members, who pay dues of $10 a year. Any man who appears in four or more rodeos in one year is asked to join. If a man refuses, the union puts pressure on him by forbidding its members to ride in any rodeo with the holdout. The cowboys' union is called, with typical ranch-house gaudiness, the Cowboys' Turtle Association (Motto: "Slow but Sure") and is not affiliated with either the C.I.O. or the A.F.L. "They get to grafting, them fellows," one of the cowboys told me. The C.T.A. sets aside half its money for death benefits and loans to the injured, since its members are not eligible for insurance. Loans up to $100 are advanced to injured members who can't pay their own hospital bills, and $250 is paid to the family of a rider who dies as the result of a rodeo injury. If a C.T.A. member walks out on a hotel or bar bill, the union makes him pay up out of his next prize money, on pain of expulsion. The union reserves the right to supervise the selection of rodeo judges and the division of rodeo prize money.

The president of the Cowboys' Turtle Association and, by the same token, one of the most popular and successful cowboys in the business, is Everett Bowman. He is a strapping, red-faced fellow of Irish-Dutch ancestry who was born in Hope, New Mexico, where his father kept the local general store. He ran away at the age of fifteen to work on a ranch in Arizona, and after seven years of riding the range he entered a bulldogging contest in Salt Lake City, in 1921. At first, with his untutored strength, he succeeded only in wrenching the horns off steers, without throwing them. He pawned his saddle to raise the necessary entry fees for his second rodeo, and began the slow climb to financial security. Today he has the distinction of being the only man to win the annual national championship twice. He is the owner of a fine ranch near Hillside, Arizona, and is learning to fly a plane. He is going to turn some of his acreage into a landing field as soon as he gets his pilot's licence. A broken rib has kept him from full-time competition this year, but he has entered twelve rodeos and won a respectable share of prize money.

Bowman was one of the most active members of the group which, during the Boston Garden Rodeo of 1927, organized the C.T.A. There had been several previous attempts to get up a protective association, but they had all

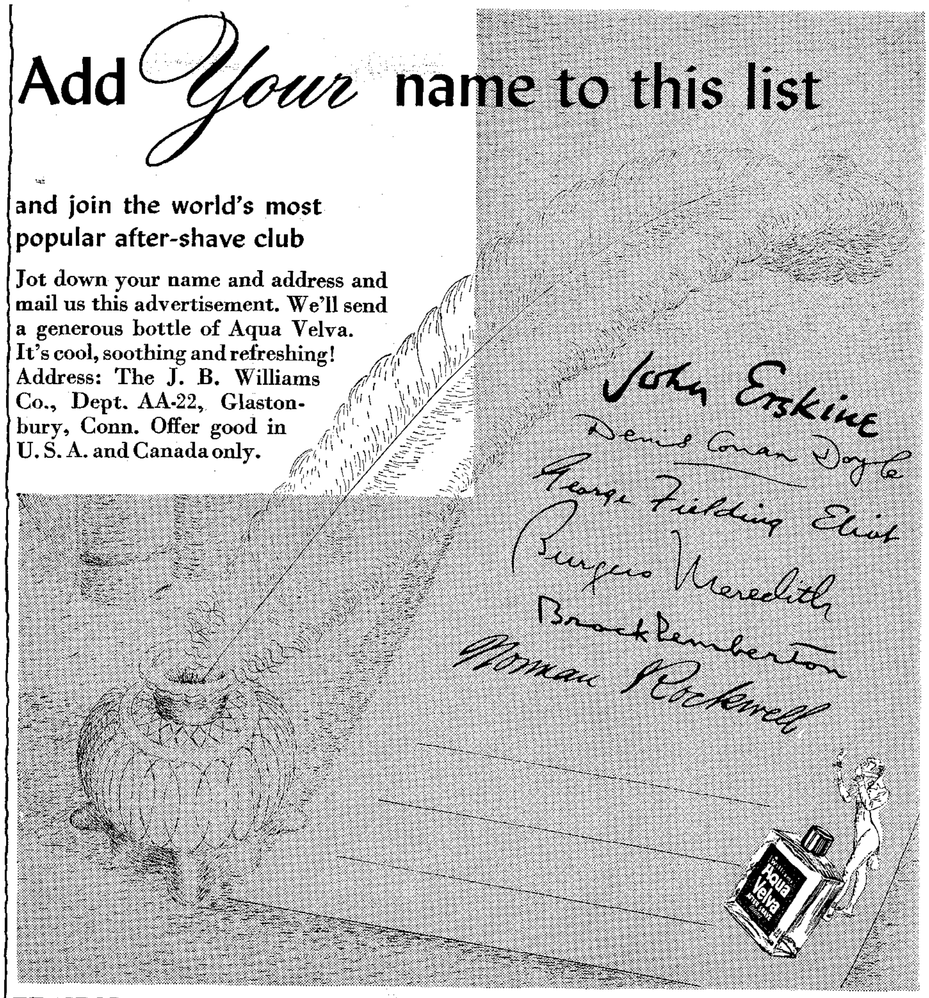


failed. "Soon as they was a little money in the bank, the treasurer got drunk or got married," Bowman says. When the attorney engaged to draw up the C.T.A. charter and rules presented his draft, written in legal terms, Bowman said forthrightly, "I can't read this god-damned thing. We should get this worked out in talking English." During the C.T.A.'s infancy, Bowman and the other charter members enforced collections of dues and fines with their fists. "They all knew god-damned well they better pay up," Bowman says.

Another sober, steadying influence in the C.T.A. is Hugh Bennett, secretary and treasurer. Like Everett Bowman, he concentrates on calf-roping and steer-wrestling, and is a consistent money-winner. He's thirty-six, and is now in a period of transition from rodeo riding to cattle-raising. He's a far more prosperous businessman than many of the people who, from the Garden box seats, watch him rolling around in the tanbark with steers. "There's a man you could lend a thousand dollars to on his word, just as well as on any paper," one of his colleagues has said of him. City life leaves Bennett rather cold. Once N.T.G., the night-club entrepreneur, spoke to Bennett on the street, without a formal introduction, and asked him up to his restaurant. "I went up there, looked at the girls, had a couple of drinks, and left," he says primly.

The managers of rodeos are also organized. Of the two hundred-odd public rodeos put on every year in this country, a hundred and six are managed by members of the Rodeo Association of America. The Association works to avoid conflicts in dates, standardize rules, and make sure that prizes are paid. Also, by a system of awarding points based on the amount of prize money won during the year by each of the competitors in R.A.A.-sponsored rodeos, the Association (carefully watched by the C.T.A.) determines the national champion in each class—Saddle Bronk Riding, Calf Roping, Steer Wrestling (bulldogging), Bareback Bronk Riding, and Steer Riding—as well as the All-Round Champion, the man with the highest grand total of points. The All-Round Champion gets, in addition to prizes he's already won during the year, an award of five hundred dollars, and prestige.

THE Madison Square Garden Rodeo, which will run for nineteen days this year, always attracts several hundred of the country's best cowboys, and offers prizes totalling more than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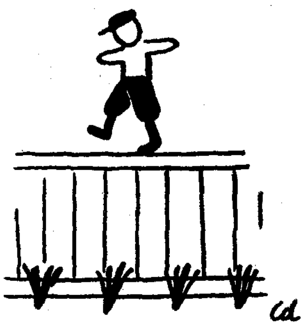
$40,000, is the biggest affair of its kind, but is operated no differently than the others are. Here's how it works. The Garden lays out $250,000, more or less. Half of this goes for publicity, salaries, and the building of stalls, runways, and corrals. The Garden also provides livestock. This year there are one hundred and sixty-seven bucking horses, seventy-three Brahma bulls, seventy bulldogging steers, ninety roping calves, fifty wild horses, one hundred and fifty-five saddle horses, and thirty wild cows. Transporting these beasts from Texas and feeding and caring for them during the Rodeo cost the management about $80,000. In the official folder sent out to C.T.A. members, the total prize money is announced as $32,070 plus entry fees. This means that the Garden has guaranteed the $32,070 and that the entry fees, ranging from $15 to $100, paid by each performer for each event he enters will be added to the prizes. The prize for each event is divided into "day money" and "final money." The total purse for the Steer Wrestling Contest, for example, is $6,965, and the entrance fee is $50. Before a single cowboy tackles a steer, the management and the contestant must both put up certified checks. (Ride 'em, cowboy!) When every entrant has had one chance, the five riders who throw their steers most efficiently are awarded "day money"—$125, $100, $90, $80, and $70. The four riders who have the best score in any event for the entire rodeo are awarded, in addition, "final money": $350, $250, $200, and $120, plus the entrance fees for their event, which are pooled and divided four ways—forty, thirty, twenty, and ten per cent.

Cowboys who specialize in roping and steer wrestling bring their own mounts, because the horse's skill counts as much as the man's in these events. Cowboys who ride only the Brahma bulls—"Braymas," they call them—or broncos do not bring horses. The management lends them saddle horses for the parades and such frivolous events as the mounted basketball game. The cowboys travel at their own expense, and pay their room and board while in town. The Garden takes care of their horses gratis. All the riders sign releases exempting the management from responsibility for injuries or the death of themselves or their mounts during the rodeo. Any union cowboy can enter any rodeo as long as his dues are paid up and he can plank down his entrance fees. The big rodeos get the cream of the profession for simple and obvious reasons: the big money attracts the big fellows, while the size of the entrance fees and the stiffness of the competition scare away the little fellows.

The C.T.A. maintains a close if sometimes irritable relationship with the R.A.A., and its members are urged to favor R.A.A. rodeos over independent enterprises. The R.A.A. makes this course easy to follow by spreading out its important events over a ten-month period. The R.A.A. rodeo season starts with the Palm Springs, California, Rodeo in late January and ends with the Boston Rodeo in early November. In the months between, riders can be as active as they like; most of them enter about thirty rodeos. Another inducement for top-notch riders to stick to R.A.A. rodeos is that they use the system of point-rating which determines the national champion. If you care for a glimpse into cowboy-union politics, you might like to know that there's grumbling over the R.A.A. rule providing that bronco and wild-bull riders are awarded a point and a half in the annual rating for every dollar of prize money they win, while steer wrestlers and ropers get only a single point. The implication is that riding is fifty per cent more dangerous than roping or dogging; this the roper-and-dogger faction resent, as they resent the fact that this arrangement usually results in a rider's piling up the most points and becoming All-Round Champion.

The official organ of both the C.T.A. and the R.A.A. is *Hoofs and Horns*, a monthly magazine published at Tucson, Arizona, and edited by a lady called "Ma" Hopkins. *Hoofs and Horns* is a tasty mélange of advertisements offering cowboy clothing, ranchers' supplies, and the services of stallions; rodeo schedules; gossip about the contestants ("From what I hear, that must have been quite a scrap between Noah Henry and Bob Lockie at the Medford Show"); and contributions, both in verse and prose, from literarily inclined cowboys. Hap Dick, in the current issue, contributes a eulogy of Shake 'Em Down Sally, a bucking horse which was killed when a cattle truck upset. "This mare was known to practically every bronk rider as one of the toughest horses in the business," he writes, and concludes, "I sure hope there is good pasture for her somewhere." The death of a human in the arena always brings forth a number of sentimental tributes, most of them variations on the "Last Roundup" theme. Cowboys are commonly taciturn and averse to romanticizing about their profession, but their inhibitions seem to vanish when they set pen to paper. Here, for example, is "Toast to a Cowboy," from the current *Hoofs and Horns:*

Give me the guy with the straightforward eye,
With a grip that will hurt your hand,
With a tongue that he uses, but never abuses,
A mind that can understand.
A guy who brags of his mother,
And thinks all women the same;
Who toils with a smile, a lad you can't rile,
One who puts his whole heart in the game.



Cowboys naturally spend quite a bit of money outfitting themselves and travelling between one rodeo and the next. They are bound by their agreement with the rodeo managements to wear at all times during their stay in town their "cowboy outfits, colored shirts, boots, and big hats." If some eccentric cowboy showed up in an Abercrombie & Fitch riding outfit, this would constitute a breach of contract; his entrance fees would be forfeit, and the union would probably fine him. An average in-the-money cowboy spends about $150 for a street ensemble: good-quality beaver hat, $40; two-piece tailored cowboy suit, $60; boots, $20; silk shirt, $15; and silk muffler, $10. This is just about a minimum expense for a respectable cowboy, though a struggling youngster may wear a wool shirt and blue jeans. Cowboys, if they are accompanied by either a horse or a wife, or both, usually travel by automobile. The horse rides in a trailerlike "horse coach" hitched behind the car. An average season's expenses include gas, $500; automobile repair and upkeep, $400; food and lodging for cowboy, horse; and wife, $6 a day, or, for the season, about $1,600; entrance fees, $1,500. Thus, he has to make $4,000 before he is in the clear. A hundred or so men do this, year in and year out. The best of them net $10,000 a year, which, even considering the occupational hazards, compares favorably with the $40-a-month-and-found of a ranch hand. They are usually men who have been at it for ten years or more. All the young men have the same story to tell—of saving up to enter a big

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rodeo, finishing out of the money, and going back to the ranch to save up for another try. Every year some cowboys are stranded in the East. Usually they manage to get jobs on local dude ranches or stock farms.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, at a prizefight, two gay cowboys who had arrived in advance of the Garden Rodeo struck up an acquaintance with a man sitting beside them. When the fight was over, one of them clapped their new friend on the back and said, "Come on across the street, pardner. We'll split a bottle of champagne." These were not typical cowboys. Although some of them like nothing better than a big, wholesome brawl, most of them are quiet, sober married men who travel with their wives and live respectably, men who may play conservative poker and go to an expensive chophouse for a good steak now and then. Ordinarily they stop at small hotels in the neighborhood of the Garden. The manager of one of these told me he had nothing but praise for them. "They're very well behaved," he said. "People who think they're wild are all wrong. They never leave owing a nickel, and their rooms are kept tidier than most civilized people keep theirs. I would call them different from our city people, but mostly to their advantage. They are mostly all rich, and they go to church on Sundays."

Hotelkeepers who play host to cowboys have at least one amiable weakness to guard against, a fondness for whittling. The competitors at a rodeo in Cleveland once whittled a bar into complete uselessness. The word was passed along to other cities to watch out when knives appeared, and there has been no serious damage since.

COWBOYS combine two kinds of sentimental clannishness, that of the cowhand and that of the professional entertainer. They are great readers of pulp-magazine cowboy stories, which they feel hold a mirror up to life. The adventures related in these periodicals are certainly more within their sphere of experience than, for example, what happened to one of the cowboys who rode at the Garden last year. Walking along Park Avenue in the late evening, he was carried off to a party by a couple of roisterers. "The colored orchestra players started dancing with the girls," he told his friends the next day, "and then I saw a girl with blue hair, so I got the hell out." Whenever one of their number is killed they write, for private circulation, endless tributes, both in prose and

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verse. The cowboys are full of foolish heroisms. There was the late Shorty Hill, for instance, who rode in Boston with his ankle in a cast; and one year Fox Hastings, a cowgirl, who sneaked out of a hospital where she was under observation for a suspected concussion, appeared in all the bronco-riding events at Madison Square Garden, and finished in the money. A man named Gene Ross, needing one more victorious ride to win a prize at Cheyenne, rode with a recently set broken leg. Cowboys are shy and modest; you'll never hear one talking about his own exploits. Nor is there any grim insistence on the dangers of their calling. One of the standing jokes at rodeos is the remark of an Argentine gaucho who insisted that no man could really subdue a thousand-pound steer; he claimed that the steer was usually just tired, or embarrassed, and took the easiest way out of the situation by lying down. This joke is always told with hoots of good-natured laughter. Cowboys have a special lack of sympathy for the Latin fondness for bullfights. Several times they have created a commotion in Eighth Avenue movie theatres by booing bullfight sequences. "Matadors are a low kind of critter," one of them has said.

Cowboys are cheerfully tolerant of the extra frills added to rodeos by big-city managements. These attractions—trick riders and rope-spinners, and the like—are called "contract performers." They display their special talents for fixed fees, and are not involved in the hurly-burly of prize-money competition. The six Western débutantes who are living at the Park Lane with a chaperone and appearing nightly in a steer-herding competition at the Garden are another fancy attraction. Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, is a C.T.A. member in good standing, and regarded by the other cowboys simply as an exceptionally fortunate colleague. The cowgirls, though they do not compete in the more strenuous events, are on terms of affectionate equality with the cowboys, and there is almost no prosperous bachelor cowboy who does not dream of marrying a cowgirl someday and raising kids and a herd of white-faced steers.

—EUGENE F. KINKEAD

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Wing Ping alias Woo Woo alias Woo Ping alias Ping Pong, 50, of Ronkonkoma, L.I., convicted on a narcotics charge, was sentenced today in Brooklyn Federal Court to three years' imprisonment.—*The Post.*

Nobody will know whether Sing Sing is his name or his address.

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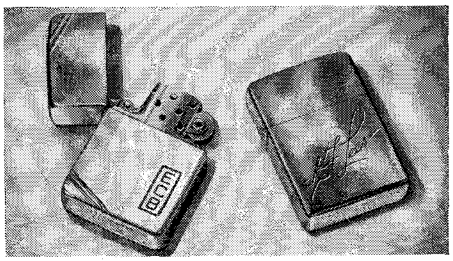

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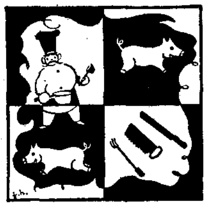
RESTAURANTS

The Cook Is Always In

THE time comes sooner or later—it always coincides with the cook's night out—when you want to start an early-to-bed evening with a well-prepared meal served in peace and quiet. On such occasions, I've got into the habit of dropping around to any one of half a dozen apartment-hotel dining rooms, quiet, restful, archaically homey places, all within waving distance of each other and—this is part of the game, naturally—of me. Even if your neighborhood doesn't happen to be mine, you may want to try one or two of them, and perhaps once you get the idea (if you haven't it already), you'll be better prepared to do some similar exploring in your own bailiwick.



You'll find as good food at the Surrey, 20 East Seventy-sixth Street, as you'll find anywhere. The dining room is a shade on the bland side, but they take the curse off with spunky little bouquets of fresh flowers and then treat you so well that you don't care any more. They serve light-to-medium dishes like eggs *en cocotte* with bacon and crisp *gaufrette* potatoes (rather good broken up in the egg), soft-shelled crabs *meunière*, liver and onions, and nicely broiled lamb chops. I'd go farther and order terrapin Maryland, ham steak Louisiana, or chicken *en casserole* without a qualm; the chef is from the French Riviera and inspires confidence. The desserts are pretty difficult to refuse. *Coupe aux marrons*, baked Alaska, *coupe St. Jacques* (the one that's made of fresh fruit and water ice), and a fearsome delight called simply frozen éclair are only a few of them. The Surrey has private rooms, if you feel like giving a party. No cocktails, but the wine list is knowing, if small.

PANELLED dining rooms rest me, and the one at the Volney, 23 East Seventy-fourth Street, is no exception. They woo you there with a flower-decked buffet fairly tottering under its burden of possibilities for the beginning and end of your meal, and with pleasant, very attentive service. The chef can grill an ordinary squab so that it tastes gamy; maybe squabs are all supposed to taste that way, but this was the first time I had ever met one, and I was charmed. Their brook trout with almonds is interesting, and they have entertaining dishes for odd moments, like minced capon with curried rice or very special steak sandwiches. There's rice pudding for the wise, *meringue glâcée* for the foolish, and, on that buffet I was telling you about, chocolate and vanilla *pots de crème* for the in-between. No hard liquor here, either, but sherry's probably better for those quiet nights anyway.

THE Sulgrave, 60 East Sixty-seventh Street, is at its best when the bricked terrace is in use, but just being able to look out on it from the dining room is something. Properly scrambled eggs and Canadian bacon, creamed chicken hash with corn, or tasty cold corned beef with Swiss cheese (the *right* Swiss cheese) and a vegetable salad will do you if your appetite's ailing. Real hunger involves more important matters, such as oysters *poulette* served in a chafing dish, *suprême* of guinea hen with black cherries under a dear little glass bell, baked sea trout in sweet butter, and sirloin minute steak with marrow sauce. (Incidentally, what has happened to those wonderful grilled marrowbones my father used to let me taste? I never see them around any more.) Wait till you come on the bar, which had escaped me up to recently. It is a languid, dreamily lighted place with a barman who appears to be dispensing drinks from a vast, foreshortened Venetian bed.

WINDOW worshippers, of which I am one, ought to like the Beekman, at 575 Park (63rd), especially on those indigo nights when the snow falls. The chef brings a light hand to shirred eggs with black butter or to baked filet of sole *bonne femme*, but sustaining dishes turn up so often on his menus that I suspect him of a strong tendency toward sturdiness. Stuffed cabbage with corned-beef hash, roast shoulder of pork with apple sauce, baked smoked ox tongue on spinach, and paprika schnitzel with rice and peas should give you an idea of what I mean. He even steadies an omelet with salt pork and sorrel, and, heaven knows, it's good. Drinks here, too.

THE dining room of Mayfair House, at Park and Sixty-fifth, puts me mildly in mind of the middle room at the Plaza. You'll like their soft crabs *tartare* and their deft way with eggs Benedict. Something called *miroton* of beef *lyonnaise* is a graceful sort of stew and very fine if you favor sauces; if you don't, there is a rich list of roasts and grillades—squab chicken, steak (you say how thick), saddle of lamb, and the like. Their desserts can be anything, from brandied figs, through orange *glace* and soufflé Curaçao, to good old apple dumpling with hard sauce. Through the green-and-white bar on Park Avenue is as satisfactory a way of getting in as any.

IF I lived at the Westbury, at Madison and Sixty-ninth, I'd pass up the hotelly dining room upstairs every time and eat down in the Polo Bar Restaurant. I especially admire the smaller room there, where the linen is brown and rose and beige and the carpet is very thick. The banquettes seem to be deeper than most, and they're sensibly upholstered in leather where you sit and fabric where you lean. I like the food, and I'm childishly pleased by their calling a piece of toast spread with something a *tartine* instead of a canapé; I always feel silly saying "canapé." Besides the caviar *tartine*, the chef will give you chopped chicken livers for an appetizer or an egg stuffed with tuna fish, and if you'd rather not have it with Russian dressing, be sure to speak up. Their hot clam broth with whipped cream is comforting, and in addition to the familiar dishes nicely done, you will find everything, from poached egg on crabmeat Newburg to ox joints braised with vegetables—the gamut, that's what. Imagine having the wit to serve crackling pork scraps with fresh codfish and egg sauce and to offer fresh white figs for dessert. There's a lot more, really, but *you* find out.

—SOUBISE

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Letters in Cue*]

DEAR CUE:

If I wanted to read a political magazine I certainly would not buy CUE. I am little interested in your political views and think it is unfair to spread that kind of German propaganda (like the *Creepy Sensation* article) in a magazine devoted to movies, dining, dancing, and "table talk."

A. H. B., Manhattan

DEAR CUE:

Congratulations on the *Creepy Sensation* editorial. Let's hope it will serve to help curb the panicky minds who already visualize occupation of our country by the formidable war machine from Germany.

A. V. S., New Jersey

DEAR CUE:

Can you tell me where I can get my name lettered in gilt on an old-fashioned shaving mug? J. H. E., Manhattan

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

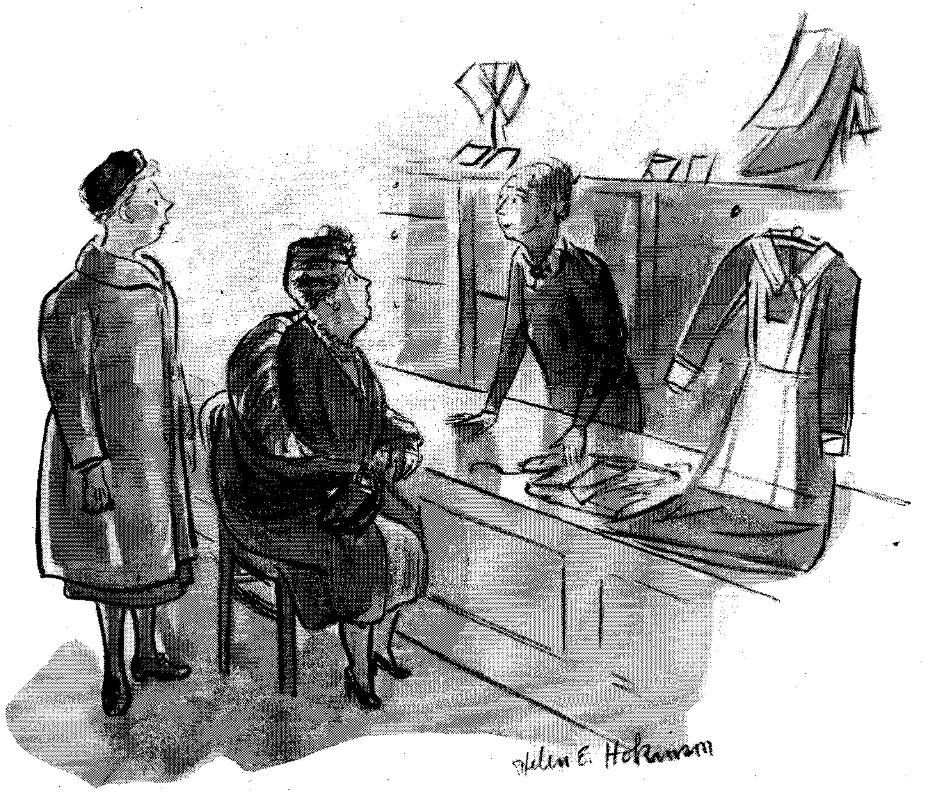
FEMININE FASHIONS

THE sly tricks by which ambitious politicians are supposed to be luring the public to disaster have been uneasily discussed at such length in our journals recently that there has been no space left to discuss the relatively minor issue of women's rights in the matter of looks. The silhouette of the twenties, with belts wobbling around the hips, skirts up to the knee, and a cardboard-box look to the torso—ah, we swore we would never again submit to such tyranny. We have been blind, though, to what has been going on about us, or, if not blind, lethargic. For the past four years subversive tricks have been employed to accustom our eyes to a low waistline, and we have ignored the fact that a corselet which rises to the bust may still extend all the way to the hipbones. There has been dramatic talk about the "long-stemmed torso"—and now look. Skirts are seventeen inches from the floor and rising fast, which always happens when long waistlines are on the way in. Beltless lines with pleating or fullness starting downward from the widest part of the hips are taken for granted. The next step is the straightening and then the elimination of the curve at the waistline, and it will all be over. In fact, there are many bright fashion observers who are certain that the chemise dress would be already around had Paris had autumn collections this year.

Molyneux is always Molyneux; the straight, youthful lines of his clothes are unusual in any season. At the moment they look more trig than ever because of the spadework above mentioned. Bendel is currently showing sixteen models created by Molyneux in his London atelier. There is a "typical" little black wool dress, with sunburst pleats that seem to grow out of a smooth hip yoke, and a jacket fastened with self bows up to its Persian-lamb collar. There is a trim little cocoa-gray jacket with three steel-rimmed buttons, a dusty-yellow sweater blouse, and a gored skirt. Black Persian-lamb lapels emerge over the pet Molyneux tuxedo fold down the front of a long topcoat of pale-green wool that is worn over a simple dress with metal buttons. A magnificent swagger topcoat of the black material used for men's Chesterfields, with five round metal discs to fasten it up to its collarless neckline, is shown over one of Bendel's own black wool dresses, with a black velvet bow at its neck and velvet bandings. For evening, slinky, beltless dresses with shoulder-strap décolletages are in order. One is made of American Beauty velvet, another of black crêpe with silver paillette embroidery around its simple V neckline and on the tuxedo front of its almost knee-length jacket. Black nipped-in jackets appear over black crêpe dinner dresses adorned solely with V's of gold paillette embroidery across their high, casual necklines.

Other important things at Bendel include some clothes by the shop's newest designer, Czettell, who has made a wonderful day or dinner dress (it's in two lengths) of fine beige wool crêpe with a shirtwaist type of top, a turnover collar, and coral buttons. The sleeves are all fine pleats, and pleats also descend from pockets high on the chest and from a hip yoke to form the skirt. Czettell can be gauzy and romantic, too; look at a dress made of sheer green-and-silver stuff pulled tight around the body and draped up to the back of one hip, whence descends a cascade of material. Every season Bendel's customers cry out for simple, gracious dresses of the bouffant type. This year's favorites are the house's own design, shown in purple taffeta with fullness springing out of the smocking below the waistline. There are plenty to choose from, some of them in navy slipper satin, wasplike through the waistline. Other dresses, by Molyneux, are done in black faille with black velvet bands around the hips and velvet crossed at the top to make little cap sleeves.

THE Jay-Thorpe public is so infatuated with certain of the models (designed and made in the J.-T. workrooms) shown on the shop's second floor that Mme. de Wardener, who is in charge, has difficulty in keeping originals in stock. As the salesgirls put it, they "walk out." Foremost in the popularity poll is a simple, black crêpe day dress draped casually across the top just below the highish neckline, with self-covered buttons down the outside of the sleeves; a black suède sash that is outlined with gold and has gold-fringed ends loops over at one side of the waistline. Customers have frequently ordered it in both day and evening lengths. For evening, devotees of lace dote on a lace dress in a pale putty color (it has the luminosity of pearls without the slightest tinge of pink) that is built around a satin bow of the same color on the stomach and has a sort of peg-



Helen E. Hokinson

"I'm thinking very seriously of putting Ingeborg into burgundy."

top line. If they don't pick this, they are sure to select one of black lace with a skirt that is apparently nothing but up-and-down pleated ruffles over a sheathlike slip. When you hold out the skirt, which is enormous, the pleating makes enchanting scroll patterns.

Earlier this autumn, Jay-Thorpe presented the Sultana line: dresses which consist of drapery pulled upward in front to a swathed hip band and which, in extreme versions, become very much Little Egypt. The people here do not admit now that they were surprised when the public took this up. A new one of this variety is an evening dress of pale-blue satin with a band of fur around it just under the armpits and drapery rising to a plain hip band. You will also find two highly romantic dresses of black lace and faille, naughtily combined. Both are tight and slick all the way down the body; one has a deep, full ruffle of lace at the hem and lace covering the place where the opaque black has been cut out over the breasts; the other has a slight ruffle at the sides and back below the knees, and a high-necked, short-sleeved top of lace. Jay-Thorpe also shelters the only "rainbow" type of dress I have ever liked. It has a black velvet basque; the skirt, which has something like eighty-two yards of tulle in it, is all vertical stripes—blue, mauve, pink, and other shades, and is veiled with black net so that the lines of color are blurred in a lovely, elusive way.

Great plans are afoot at Jay-Thorpe for Palm Beach at the moment. The thing that particularly took my eye was the use of navy shantung. One neat dress with a round neck, short sleeves, and diamond treatment through the middle has a jacket of pink-and-navy checked faille that is very fitted and tailored. Another has a red jacket fastened in a zigzag up one side to match the detail on a navy dress beneath. Both dresses look wonderful. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

FM

BY now, everybody has heard enough about Frequency Modulation radio to make the début of sets which operate on this principle a matter of considerable importance, especially to people who are never so happy as when they're sponsoring something new. You know, of course, about the benefits of FM, as the trade invariably refers to it (no periods, please): almost complete elimination of static, and tone so improved that the best sets can give you the positively uncanny feeling, like it or not, of having the per-

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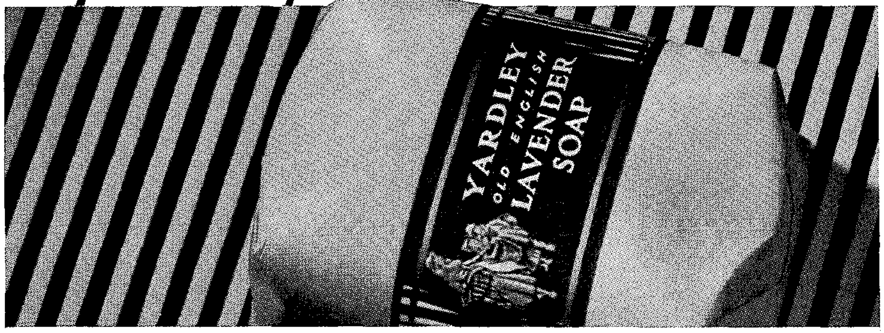
You may purchase these exclusive preparations at any fine drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. Yardley's lovely English Lavender is priced from **$1** to **$8.25.** *Yardley's English Lavender Soap, 35c the single tablet. Box of three, $1.*

Yardley's **ENGLISH LAVENDER**



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introducing a group of Young
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DIXIE DUNBAR
and the Rhythmaires
ALFRED DRAKE
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ELENORE TENNIS
A GROUP OF YOUNG LADIES
of Distinction and Charm
DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra
At Dinner and Supper and
at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday
GERRY MORTON
and his Orchestra
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST.

formers you're listening to right there in the room with you. What you may not know, though, is that any day now several big stations will start broadcasting their regular daily programs simultaneously by both Amplitude Modulation, or the kind of transmission that was good enough for Father, and Frequency Modulation, the upstart newcomer. Meanwhile, there are a few special FM broadcasts which are available daily in this vicinity for several hours at a stretch.

You'll find a choice of three types when you go shopping for an FM radio. Most of the manufacturers have put out little table models at around $70, which, while they're limited in tonal range and so can't give you the full advantage of what FM broadcasting has to offer, will satisfy many people until FM gets past infancy and onto surer ground. These sets are best used as attachments to the larger AM machines most of us already own; the FM set picks up the broadcast but leaves the problem of amplification and tone to its big brother. If you are planning to buy a new radio, though, and are sold on FM, you may want to consider a console model equipped for both AM and FM reception. This will mean an investment of around $200, plus the cost of the special television aerial ($10 to $15), without which even the best FM set you can buy won't be worth its salt. Both table and console models are on hand at, for instance, Haynes Griffin, 373 Madison Avenue (46th); the Liberty Music Shops, at 450 Madison Avenue (50th) and in the Savoy-Plaza; Marconi Brothers, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), and Aeolian, at 27 West 57th Street. Finally, for true plungers, there are elaborate custom-built affairs all done up with a record-player and remote-control attachments. These can cost almost anything. The Liberty Music Shops are putting FM sets, with or without such trimmings, in handmade cabinets that look like period chests, commodes, or chair-side tables and cost from around $250 up; they'll also build a combination unit consisting of an FM radio, a Capehart phonograph with a record-changer, and shelves for a record library right into a closet, hooking the mechanism up to any number of speakers and control boxes all over your apartment, house, or grounds. Additional hocus-pocus makes it possible for four or five different radio programs to be heard at the same time from as many speakers, heaven forbid. The minimum price for such installations, offering what is probably the fanciest form of FM reception known, is $1,200.

NO doubt you've heard about the Hammond Solovox, too. It's an electric pipeless-organ attachment for pianos, to be hitched on underneath the regular keyboard, with a three-octave keyboard of its own jutting out in front. A button-controlled selector lets you choose the sort of sound with which you want the attachment to give out—it can be like any one of a variety of musical instruments. When you've made that choice, you play your melody on the Solovox with one hand and accompany yourself on the piano with the other. Two can play at this game, too, creating something novel in duets, and skilled solo performers have found it possible to work the Solovox with only the right thumb while the other nine fingers perform nimbly upon the piano keyboard. Although serious pianists may regard such devices with scorn, less sensitive ones should be interested to learn that they can buy a Solovox at Knabe, 584 Fifth Avenue (47th), for $190.

INNOCENT diversions for autumn afternoons: W. & J. Sloane have had their Saarinen modern furniture made up in doll-house size (the scale is half an inch to a foot) so customers who are interested can run in, bearing apartment floor plans drawn to the same scale, and see how the pieces are going to fit into their rooms. You can't buy these minute reproductions (a pity, since they have the appeal of all miniature things), but Sloane will let you play with them to your heart's content. . . . For flower-arrangement fans, there's a new kit called the Flower Do-er, which has everything necessary for the happy pursuit of the hobby—shears for stems and wire; a set of pin-cushion-type holders, handy ones that bristle with little spears to keep flower stems impaled upon them; plasticine to stop holders from skidding, soft lead tape and tie wire for impressive professional effects, and a hand spray for refreshing wilted bouquets. The Flower Do-er costs about $4.50 at Macy.

THE Revere Copper & Brass people are out with what must be a cook's dream of perfection in pots and pans—stainless-steel utensils with copper bottoms, and there couldn't be a happier combination. Copper, beautifully as it cooks food, is the devil's own job to keep bright and clean; stainless steel, which is all but self-polishing, usually heats up unevenly over an open flame. The new Revere ware blends the advantages of both metals in a way that cancels the faults of each. The double boiler (around $6.50 at Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, and a number of department stores) has a bottom section with a pistol handle and a steamer compartment which can be used as a casserole or ice bowl and is good-looking enough to bring right to the table. —B. B.

•

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR SCHIZOPHRENE AND PIANO

Play paeans of joy on piano and spinet!
Let ecstasy soar with the lark and the linnet!
From now on the rich and the poor of all classes
Will view their surroundings through rose-colored glasses.

There'll be peace for the pacifists, war for the martial ones,
Issues for partisans, none for impartial ones,
Questions and answers supplied for the curious,
Gags for the gloomy and fun for the furious.

Freedom of speech, of religion, of action,
The passage of laws to permit their infraction,
Business for businessmen, totalitarian
Pleasures for those who deplore the non-Aryan.

Hate for the misanthropes, love for the amorous,
Homes for the homely, ado for the glamorous.
All this and heaven, if you can remember
To mark the right square at the polls in November.

Then heigh for your candidate, ho for his talents!
Sing heigh and sing ho for his prudence and balance.
How noble his nostrums! His clamor how clever!
Elect him for better, for worse, and forever.—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.

The Perfume that is you all over
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FOOTBALL

Passes, Complete and Otherwise

THERE would be no need to worry about the future of amateur football if there were more games like the one played at Franklin Field last Saturday between Pennsylvania and Princeton. Though there was never any doubt about the outcome, Pennsylvania being one of the best, no one felt like going home until it was all over. Penn's magnificent downfield blocking, which reminds you of the old Dartmouth style, is just right for Reagan, a shifty back who has at last learned to cut to his left as easily as he cuts to his right. Reagan scored five touchdowns and would have scored another if he hadn't fumbled the ball into the hands of Jackson, Princeton's brilliant trackman, who obligingly ran ninety-eight yards to the other end of the field and made the touchdown for Princeton instead. I never saw anything quite like that before. I also never saw anything quite like Allerdice's stunt of completing ten consecutive passes, a practically impossible feat against any team, let alone Penn. There were other occurrences just as unlikely. Once Davis prevented a Princeton touchdown by intercepting a pass on his own two-yard line, only to have Schmon, the player for whom the pass was intended, tackle him so hard he fell into the end zone with the ball, which gave Princeton two points anyway. And Busse, the Princeton fullback, who was playing the part of Fun-Loving Rover, or a hep cat, in the pageant, at one point made so much noise with his shouting and handclapping that Penn had to abandon calling signals in formation temporarily and go back to using the huddle.

Travel tip: If you're staying over after any of the Penn games, you can, if you're at all lucky, ride from the Thirtieth Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad downtown to Broad Street on one of the locals without paying a fare.

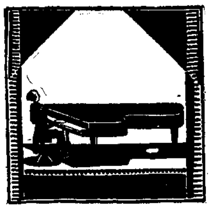
IT was rather sporting of two such unorthodox teams as Georgia and Yale to revert to standard tactics last week when they had an easy chance to score. Georgia, with a first down just two feet from Columbia's goal, tried four straight thrusts at the middle of the line, and got nowhere. Columbia, on the other hand, perked up after that and went ahead to win on a deceptive lateral pass in the last quarter. That's the sort of smart football you expect from Columbia. This year, I'm glad to say, Columbia has decided not to admit to Baker Field either of those top-ranking spectator nuisances—the amateur cameraman and the portable-radio fan. They're also trying out something else at Baker Field—the Telemobile, a truck with five built-in telephone booths and two built-in operators, for customers who, presumably, can't drop business more than an hour.

Yale, as I just said, was sporting, too, and used nothing ingenious in four futile tries at jamming the ball over from Dartmouth's three-yard line. Unlike Georgia, though, Yale became wide awake in the final minutes of the game, and beat Dartmouth with only seconds left to play. If any one man gets credit for that, let it be Bartholemey, the Yale end. Twice, when it was a case of catch-it-or-else for Yale, he dragged down soft, wobbly passes that might easily have been intercepted. Both times, in fact, Bartholemey and Kast, who was guarding him, jumped for the ball together, both times Kast got his hands on it, and both times Bartholemey wrestled it away from him. The Yale undergraduates enjoyed these encounters. Adversity has made them demonstrative again, and many of them were wearing "Beat Dartmouth" buttons, a phenomenon not witnessed in those parts for upward of a dozen years.

JUST before the game with Army last week, the assistant manager of the Harvard team made observations on the direction and force of the wind at both ends of the field, along both sidelines, at both twenty-yard lines, and at midfield. (The wind can be erratic in a big stadium.) Even this careful attention to meteorological detail for the guidance of punters couldn't win the game for Harvard. Mazur, making his first start for Army, saw to it that Harvard got no better than a 6–6 tie. Since the Army and Harvard junior varsities had just played a 6–6 tie of their own, it was a not especially satisfactory day. Halfway through the afternoon, the Army mule, ordinarily a compliant mascot, decided he'd had enough cold weather, and made a feeble attempt to abandon the clammy festivities and get underneath the stands. Most of the spectators were with him, at heart. —J. W. L.

MUSICAL EVENTS

No Shortage



THE visitor who came to town last week to hear music had a dizzy time of it, what with ballet, large orchestras, small orchestras, recitals of all sorts, and a Brazilian music festival going on. There was practically everything except opera handy, and if the visitor wanted a spot of that, he could have found it in Brooklyn, where Alfredo Salmaggi's company is giving Sunday-night showings in the Academy of Music.

Ballet's latest home is the Fifty-first Street Theatre, where the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is staging a three-week season. Although the theatre lacks sweeping promenades for intermission parades by those who come to be seen, the sight lines in the auditorium are excellent, and the acoustics seem to be just what the maestro ordered for an orchestra. So does this year's orchestra.

The Ballet Russe presented two world premières: "Vienna—1814," to comparatively unfamiliar Weber melodies orchestrated by Russell Bennett in an ingeniously unobtrusive Weberian idiom, and "The New Yorker," for which compositions by George Gershwin had been arranged by David Raksin. "Vienna—1814" was essentially a series of skillful divertissements, interrupted by a plot concerning the reception by Prince Metternich of the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. It wasn't good news for the Prince or for the choreography.

Concerning "The New Yorker," whose libretto, planned by Rea Irvin in collaboration with Leonide Massine, was inspired by characters from drawings in this publication, enthusiasm in these columns might seem not wholly disinterested, and disapproval might look like sourpussism. It may be recorded, however, that the makeups of the Arno, Hokinson, Steig, and Soglow personalities were grand jobs, and that Mr. Raksin's experiments with the Gershwin music were resourceful and ingeniously scored. When the Ballet Russe does "National Geographic" or "The Magazine of Wall Street," there'll be less constraint in this department.

In addition to the premières, there were three ballets new to the company's

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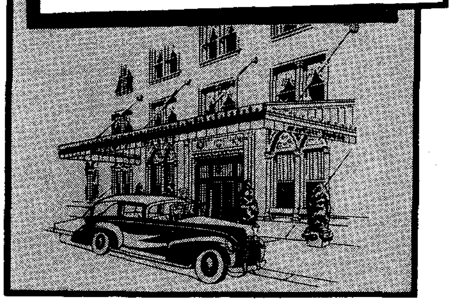

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repertoire: Tchaikovsky's "Nut Cracker," a honey; Stravinsky's "Poker Game," which turned out this time to be bright comedy; and "Serenade," an interesting choreographic enterprise which will take a little more practice by its dancers.

Both of the large orchestras that played last week contributed novelties. The Philadelphia, led by Eugene Ormandy, started its concert with a Handel concerto newly transcribed by Mr. Ormandy—resounding and optimistic music that the conductor-arranger didn't hesitate to direct without any simulated classicism. The Philharmonic-Symphony produced a symphony by Georges Bizet, composed when the man who was to write "Carmen" was seventeen. It would take plenty of wishful thinking to find a preview of "Carmen" in the symphony, but it's gay, agreeable stuff that was worth a resurrection. The symphony became available to conductors five years ago, but, except for a radio performance in 1938, this was its introduction to New York. I wonder what other eighty-five-year-old symphonies are lying around that might be looked over even if their authors didn't get to composing "Carmen."

There's a new small orchestra in Twelfth Street—the New School Chamber Orchestra, which, under the expert direction of Otto Klemperer, started its career with a Bach program at the New School for Social Research. Although there were a few bobbles at the opening concert, the ensemble obviously is a helpful acquisition. The feature, though, was the singing of Mme. Elisabeth Schumann in the lovely cantata, "Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten."

Miss Frédérique Petrides' Orchestrette Classique began its eighth season with a characteristically interesting program layout, including as its novelty a concerto for chamber orchestra by David Diamond. Mr. Diamond is a young American musician of unusual gifts and abilities, and the presentation of his concerto was another of the many services of Miss Petrides to composers and performers.

Next week, I'll try to catch up with the Brazilian music festival, which took place at the Museum of Modern Art, and the New Friends of Music, who resumed activities in Town Hall, as well as with some of those ubiquitous recitalists. Anybody got a pair of roller skates he isn't using?

—Robert A. Simon

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A.W.O.L.

NOT long ago, reading *The New Yorker*, I came upon Tracy York's account of his escape from the R.O.T.C. and was reminded that I too pursued a rather mottled military career at college. Unlike Mr. York, I had no preconceived distaste for becoming a campus soldier. In fact, I looked forward to it. I can't think now what all my reasons for this morbid attitude were, but among them was a desire to learn to ride a horse, and since our R.O.T.C. included a cavalry unit, I enrolled in it with faith and hope.

Well, *I* was one of those unhappy youths Mr. York saw marching and countermarching under the high, hot sun. Not literally, of course, for he and I went to different schools (mine required four semesters of Military Training), but I drilled all through the early-autumn heat like any foot soldier, dragging my cavalry spurs in the dust. When the brisk, late-October days came and the infantry was maneuvering in the nearby woods, the cavalry took to the close security of the stables. There we learned to fold blankets. Some weeks later we were allowed to lead a group of resigned-looking horses from their stalls and tug them into line outside. It was November then, and rainy. For a week we were taught to put the blankets on the mounts. For another week we practiced this. Then, one solemn Friday, our officers took us and our animals to the drill ground and taught us to climb on. I got up there quite soon, and I thought proudly that it had been worth the gaff. I felt like a centaur.

I do not remember what the instructions for making the horse go may have been, except that you had to shrink into yourself somehow and then release yourself, like a spring. I shrank into myself and released myself like a spring, but my horse didn't budge. I flicked the reins, and I guess I whispered "Giddap"—inducements abhorrent to the cavalry—and eventually got my horse moving.

I tried several horses after that, but I could never make any of them move very much. Then one day it was announced that at the next drill we were to hurdle. I knew that no horse I was on would walk to a hurdle, far less run at it and jump. The weather was awful. I cut the next drill and a few more, and then I realized I had overcut and had therefore, according to regulations, flunked R.O.T.C. I didn't bother to go back at all. I decided I would just enroll in another branch of the service, second semester, and start fresh.

In February, the Signal Corps, an affable organization which sat around comfortably sending messages, let me sign on as a beginner, but the cavalry found out and called me into its headquarters. The officer there said I wouldn't be permitted to transfer. I explained that I had failed as a cavalryman and was starting in again, but he told me I couldn't put any such flimsy yarn over on him. He showed me my record card, which indicated that I had passed in Military Training. I had made an A.

I felt quite strongly that the cavalry, in spite of its generosity, was not for me, and since, plainly, I wouldn't be allowed to join any other branch of the service, I enrolled in Corrective Physical Training. This was a course reserved for those with disabilities, and I had already been examined and found to have none. I knew I was heading for trouble, but I went ahead, thinking that it would be a little while at least before they could catch me and send me back to the cavalry. The semester had already begun when I enrolled in Corrective P.T. When I showed up at the gymnasium, I found a large class supervised by a single bored instructor. Nobody paid any attention to me, and after I had waited around a while I noticed one group of students lying on mats and doing what appeared to be quite restful exercises. I lay down there, and soon I had picked up the routine. A few days later the instructor came by to say he didn't seem to have my registration card. I told him I had enrolled late and said I supposed my card would come to him eventually. He nodded.

It was pleasant being in Corrective P.T., but monotonous. The class met five times a week. The rule in most courses was to allow one cut per weekly class hour. During the first two weeks I took five cuts in P.T. I then learned that only three were allowed and that I had been dropped from the course. I wasn't especially sorry, because I knew I would have been dropped anyway as soon as the college routine caught up with me. For the remainder of the term I neither drilled nor exercised, but things worked out fine. When my grades were sent through in June, I found that I had again made my A in Military Training.

The first semester of my sophomore year I went back to Corrective P.T., enrolling late, since that seemed to be a good way to avoid discussion. After a very few weeks the instructor told me he could find no record of my disability having been vouched for by the University Medical Service. I was not to come back to class until I had been examined. I dropped quietly from the ken of the P.T. department and waited uneasily for my A in Military Training. It came when the semester ended.

I had only one more stretch to go. It seemed foolhardy to trust the cavalry to pass me again, so I enrolled for the last time in P.T., starting late, as my custom was. During the first week of the term I fell on an icy sidewalk and wrenched my back badly enough to have the Medical Service take a look at it. This was a real opportunity, and although I couldn't convince the doctor that my injury would last out the semester, he did agree to commit me, at least temporarily, to Corrective P.T. He wrote "Back" on my permit. When I took it to my instructor, he seemed baffled. He made me limp around a while and then said, "Curvature, I guess. Why don't those quacks say what they mean?" I spent a happy semester in the curvature group, and in June, with credit in *both* Military and P.T., I was free.

In my senior year my faculty adviser called me into conference to go over my record with me and see that there were no flaws in it which might prevent graduation. He spotted my double credit, frowned, and said that something had certainly gone wrong. It wasn't possible for me to have taken Corrective P.T. and Military Training at the same time. I began to see myself, lost and lonely, hanging about the campus for two more years, taking Military Training and that only. I decided to throw myself on his mercy and try to get him to let bygones be bygones. I started my story with the wrenched back, and his face cleared. "So you *enrolled* in P.T.!" he exclaimed. "That was your mistake!" He explained that since I had been officially registered in Military all along, it was Military credit I should have had—credit, but no grade—and nothing at all in P.T., since I had been there only temporarily.

He puzzled a while and then said we would just drop the P.T. credit, and

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that he wouldn't take away my A in Military Training, since it would be a pity to spoil my record because of a technicality. "It's really quite a small point," he said. "I doubt its ever being questioned at this late date." I doubted it too, and we let it go at that. I graduated in June.

I suppose that actually my degree is invalid, but I also suppose that in practice it is safely mine, for revoking it would entail complex procedures which neither I nor the university would care to contemplate. Among other things, it would mean persuading the Army that it had made a mistake. As for the Army itself, I am awaiting its call with some apprehension. I feel sure that somehow I'll end up in the cavalry, and the cavalry, after a glance at my record, will never in the world believe that I still can't ride a horse. —C. H. MICHAELS

•

Question: I was born May 22, 1921 and I have been going with a man born September 7, 1920. I would like to know if there is an indication of improvement in his financial position and what chances of success we have in marriage.

Answer: There is little basis for the attraction between this Virgo native and yourself. The attraction seems to be transient—due entirely to progressed aspects—and will probably wear itself out before marriage takes place. His Mars on your natal Moon is bound to be a source of irritation and hurt feelings as far as you are concerned—you would be sure to flare up sooner or later under his criticism, unless he understands this tendency in himself and is willing to try to change. He is a perfectionist and insists on perfection in himself and all those around him—a hard taskmaster for a Gemini—and as you both are highstrung, wear and tear on the nervous system means physical ill-health. You are very young and can well afford to let this affair die a natural death.—*The Midtowner.*

You can well afford to let your subscription expire, too, lady.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Lou Holtz was telling a pal last night that one thing he likes about the motion picture business is its dignity. The pal was puzzled. "Well," explained Holtz, "if you're a ditch digger and lose your job, you're a bum. But in the picture business, when you lost your job, what are you? You're *available.*"—*George Ross in the World-Telegram.*

Arthur Kober was telling Brock Pemberton that the one thing he liked about the Stem was its dignity. Pemberton queried what he meant. "Well," responded Kober, "if you're a ditch-digger and lose your job, you're a bum. But on B'way, when you lose your job, what are you? You're AVAILABLE!"—*Hal Eaton in the Long Island Daily Press, same day.*

THE RACE TRACK

Place aux Dames!

THE most interesting thing about the Gallant Fox Handicap was the riding of Meade on Salaminia. Opinions may differ about the abilities of the horses involved, but I imagine almost everyone who was at Jamaica last weekend would agree that Meade was the best jockey. There's a less glowing report about the way Arcaro rode, but I won't bother to go into that.

There are so many short races in which every runner goes at top speed from start to finish that many boys have forgotten, if they ever knew, how to ride a long one. Meade hasn't. Hal Price Headley started two fillies in the mile-and-five-furlong sweepstakes, the idea being that Salaminia was to tire the opposition by setting the pace as long as she could, and that Equitable was to come up at the end when the rest of the horses were weary. Equitable wasn't needed—which was lucky, as she finished third—because Meade rode with remarkable judgment and timing, cleverly parrying Arcaro's three challenges with Hash in the last half-mile. Hash ran well, too, for he wasn't bumped, as he was in the Continental Handicap, and so didn't curl up for a good sulk. As a matter of fact, the last furlong of the Gallant Fox was run in 11⅗ seconds, which would be unusually fast time for a much shorter race.

On the record, Salaminia must be rated the best three-year-old filly, as she's beaten all the good three-year-olds of her sex in the Alabama Stakes and the Ladies' Handicap, as well as one of the top-class colts in the Gallant Fox. She's also won $36,430 this season, $11,150 of it last weekend. What price a match between her and Fenelon at a mile and a half? Sally, as the clockers call Salaminia, is a sturdy chestnut by Man o' War, in case you're interested in pedigrees, and is a half-sister to Menow, who was named after a catchword in a Krazy Kat cartoon that Headley liked, won The Futurity in 1937, and once beat War Admiral. Unusual names run in Salaminia's family. Her mother, a noted race mare herself, was called Alcibiades, not, as you might guess, for the famous Athenian, but because it was the nickname of Headley's daughter, Alice, who made a great pet of the horse.

Getting back to the last afternoon at Jamaica, Meade rode the same sort of race on Louis Stoddard's Deserter that he did on Salaminia, galloping him along in front throughout the mile and five furlongs and winning by lengths.

THERE are so many race meetings these days that the better horses have to be spread out very thin. Whirlaway won the Breeders' Futurity at Lexington last weekend, beating Our Boots handily enough. This revives an old matter that I've been stewing over ever since things were the other way around in The Futurity at Belmont Park. I felt sure that Whirlaway wasn't at his best then, and that the next time the two met it would be quite another story. I'll take a horse-against-horse bet that Whirlaway beats Our Boots again in the Pimlico Futurity.

ED BRADLEY hopes he has another Kentucky Derby possibility in Bryan Station, who won the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Stakes at Laurel last week. The colt was well fancied by his stable several times at Saratoga, but some horse always popped up and beat him, so perhaps it would be safer to reserve judgment until he has really done something important. Another unexpected winner at Laurel was a filly named True Call, who brought off a 16–1 chance in the Maryland Handicap. Dion Kerr bought her for $350 and has won $22,125 with her. He's good at that sort of thing; if memory serves, and I think it does, he gave $300 for Aneroid, who won $73,085. Thar's gold in them thar hosses, boys, but don't dash off to the Pimlico sales next month expecting to get such bargains. It would be more profitable to lay even money that any yearling the other fellow picks won't win a race as a two-year-old.

WELL, the flat-racing season on Long Island is over, and perhaps the less said about it—or at least about Jamaica—the better. What the *aficionados* laughingly call form may improve at Empire City; it couldn't be much worse. Anyhow, everything's bright and bracing and good fun. The Ardsley Handicap, for two-year-olds, and the Scarsdale Handicap, for older horses, will be run this weekend, and if you're motoring up you might keep a weather eye out for speed cops on Central Avenue.

—AUDAX MINOR

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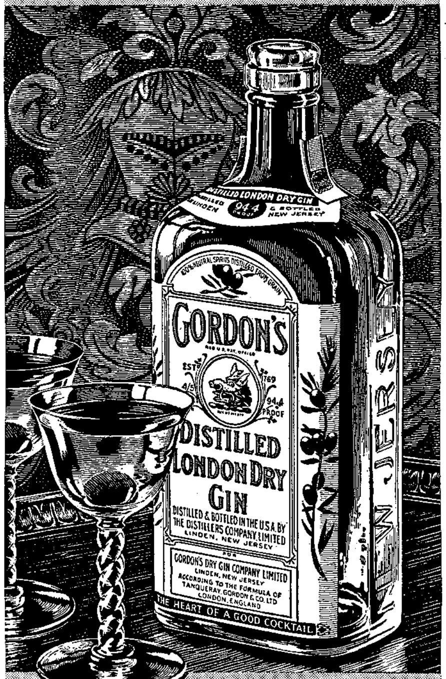
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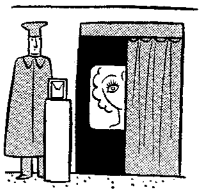
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Charlie's Hitler

THERE'S a general feeling, I discover, prevalent around the town that "The Great Dictator" is a very curious affair indeed, something distinctly odd, and certainly unique. People aren't sure that they like it, or anyhow they aren't very eloquent about why they do, or, on the other hand, why they don't. Reports and small talk aren't apparently going to send crowds to see it, though I think the baffled and inarticulate discussions may sustain that curiosity which was so coyly nourished during all the five years of the film's making. The truth probably is that too much has happened in these five years for the film's own good. I don't mean that too much has happened in Hollywood. I refer to occurrences in other portions of the globe.



There were never any very good Hitler jokes, and now, I should say, there are none anywhere near being good. Photographs suggested that Hitler looks somewhat like Charlie Chaplin, which had perhaps once some comic aspect, but it happens to be an aspect not largely relevant at this moment. The resemblance evidently did amuse Charlie Chaplin himself, and it is the cornerstone of this whole picture. That it should turn out to be even as sturdy material for laughter as it does is one of the amazing and baffling factors of this truly singular production. It is by no means so amazing, though, as that we should find ourselves titillated by hilarious burlesques of ghettos, Nazi troopers, and concentration camps. Charlie Chaplin alone could have dreamed of such an approach to the events of the day, and surely only Charlie Chaplin could somehow have swung the whole fantastic conglomeration into anything nearly successful or even endurable.

Where he is successful, which is throughout a considerable length of the picture, he is just being his old self, Hitler or no Hitler. If anything, he has grown younger with the years. As a Jewish barber, he again and again is that familiar figure of his great days, though this time it's the Nazis he's dodging and not the cops. The dictator rôle is newer stuff for him, but here, too, he is best when he can be overwhelmed or crushed down, or at least abandoned to the wildest phantasmagoria, as in the famous scene with the balloon. I would say that the scene of the balloon (a balloon with the world painted upon it), the dance of the dictator at play with the world itself, is just about as delightful a bit as Charlie Chaplin has ever given us anywhere. It is sheerest fantasy, child's fantasy, and I think this childlike naïveté saves the picture. Like Hitler or not, like Mussolini or not (and Jack Oakie's mimicry is very apt also), the people of this picture, until near the very end, belong to another sphere. There's a child's humor in the names, names such as Bacteria, Garbitsch, Herring, and Hynkel, and much kindergarten tomfoolery in the business of the barber chairs and in a great deal of the hearty slapstick of the ghetto. Ghetto scenes and palace scenes have this young gusto about them, which is surely sustained through the first half but begins to abate from then on, until, all of a sudden, *without any warning*, Charlie Chaplin grows old. In the last speech, commenced in a scene of characteristic comedy, he launches into direct exhortation straight from the screen. I fear the wrench is too great. The power of the film is its detachment, its use of current matters as though surveyed from another planet, and we can't be jolted in a jiffy back to real life like this. Nor, on the same grounds, are we prepared to see the little Jewish girl (Paulette Goddard), whom we have watched so merrily smack the Storm Troopers over their noddles with a frying pan, exalted in a final closeup as the symbol of all Jewish womankind in the lands of the dictators. Mr. Chaplin might have been wiser to have played his stunt for its full worth, making perhaps, after all, a good Hitler joke; he should have stayed on that other planet and never for a moment have touched this one.

COMING back to this planet, right to the middle of it, we find the best thing around is a truly old-fashioned Western, entitled, with all the simplicity and logic in the world, just "The Westerner." Fortunately, it isn't too old-fashioned, however, as you can grasp in a minute when you hear that Lillie Langtry puts in an appearance. The Jersey Lily is not usually associated with our wild plains, but it is a fact that the beautiful lady did tour them on one occasion, and so earned a place for herself in Western movies. To be sure,

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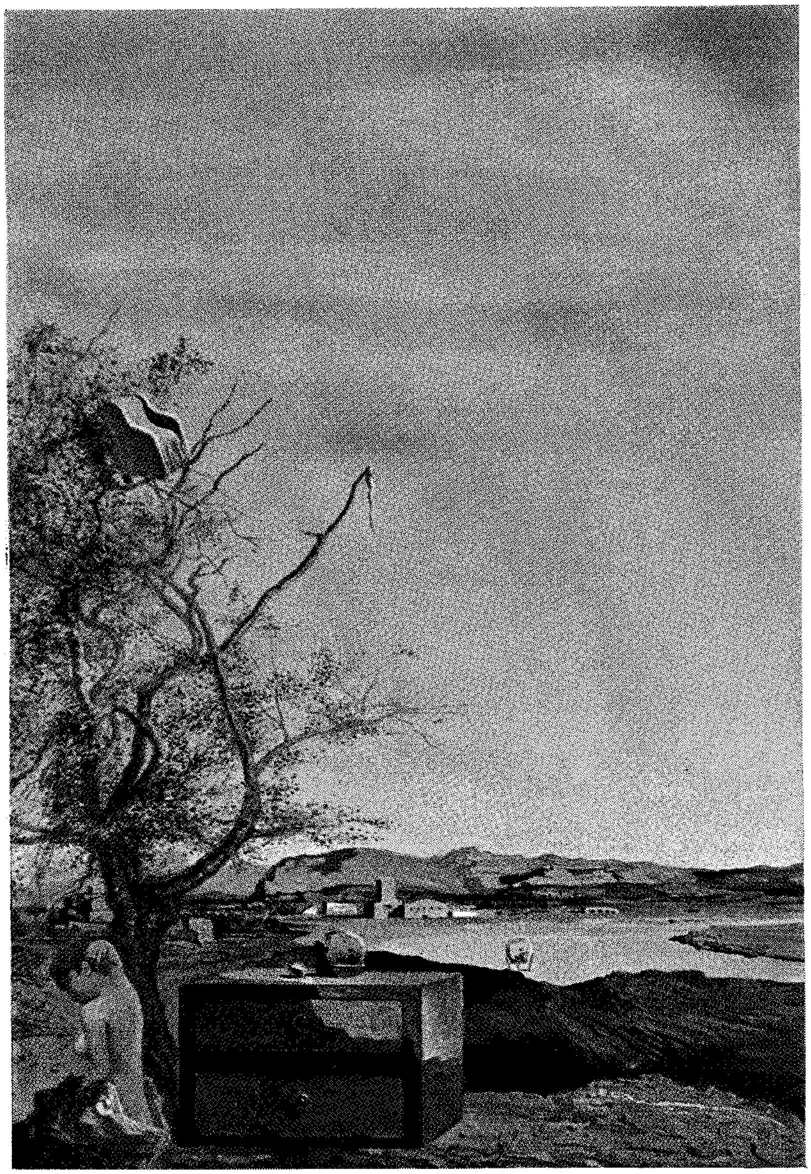
It is because this ring alone will be a future talisman of their past. Within its crystal flame some day they will find the sweetness, the glory of each yesterday. Each look—each scene and gesture recaptured in immortal light. Their engagement diamond will burn brighter for each passing year. It should be chosen with an expert jeweler's advice. Color, absence of imperfections, and exquisite cut are greatly to be desired. And each young husband-to-be should contemplate a worth-while expenditure.

Your diamond is a permanent treasure. And you buy it—not for today —but for all your yesterdays to be.



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TWO HUNDRED FIVE WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET · NEW YORK CITY she is seen only for a minute at the very end, and then mostly through the glazed eyes of a dying man who has loved her from a distance ever since he first saw a poster of her. He's a wicked old party, a scamp of a judge (Walter Brennan), and deserves to be shot, as he is, after buying up the whole house for Mrs. Langtry's opening. The shooting makes a magnificent climax and is the last of many shootings and much violence, burning of homesteaders' farms, and many a hanging and barroom brawl—the Judge being sociable—and all the more usual incidents of frontier life in the movies. It is a lucky break for the hero of the piece (Gary Cooper) that he boasts he has met Langtry just as the Judge has decided to hang him for horse stealing. The opportune announcement saves the younger man's life and even precipitates a kind of avuncular affection on the part of the Judge. There's a heroine, of course (Doris Davenport), a homesteader type, and all ends well after the Langtry crisis.

NO one has tried to discipline John Barrymore in "The Great Profile," and he does what he wants when he feels like it. There's a story built about events in his so-called private life, which involves a wife and a play so bad he can't stand it and has to ad lib. As I recall, his ad-libbing on Broadway proved far too moderate and wasn't at all as wild as we rather hoped it would be. The screen sketch bolts off in the opposite direction, but its slapstick can be funny. . . . "Knute Rockne, All American" continues the Warner Brothers' series of important biographies, topping a list which includes Zola, Pasteur, and Dr. Ehrlich. Pat O'Brien interprets the central figure in the history, which has been suitably handled for its public of energetic young people and South Bend alumni.

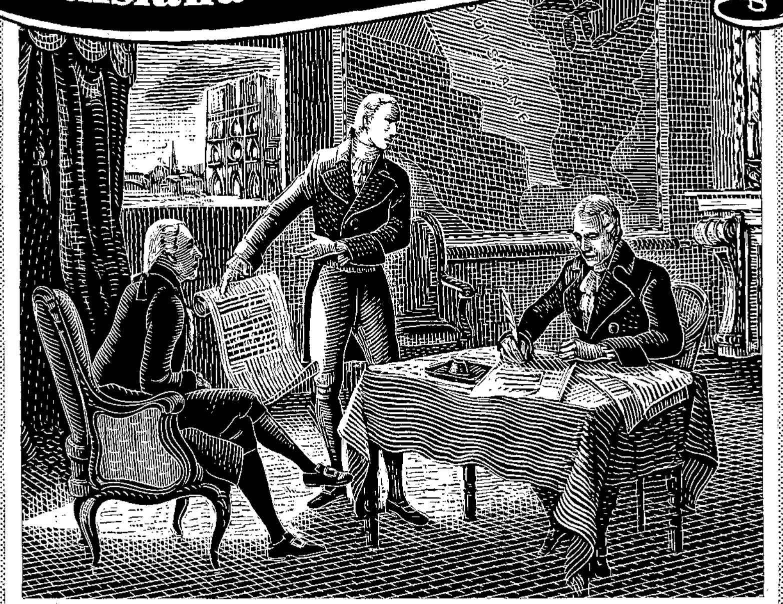
HOW life was lived upon this earth from 1929 to 1940 is described in "World in Flames," a well-edited compilation of familiar newsreel shots. The emphasis is, of course, on the war, and familiarity does not make material of this kind stale; the seventy minutes that the film runs seem only too brief for its tremendous story. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Would walking up 180 stairs and down 280 each day cause heart trouble or any other disorder? Mrs. S.—*Letter in the Chicago Tribune.*

No, you'd merely lose a lot of altitude in the course of a year.

137 years ago...in 1803...the Louisiana Purchase was made



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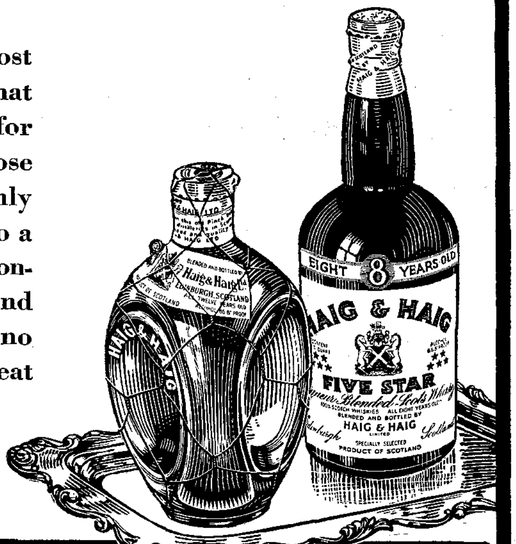

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BOOKS

Ernest Hemingway Crosses the Bridge

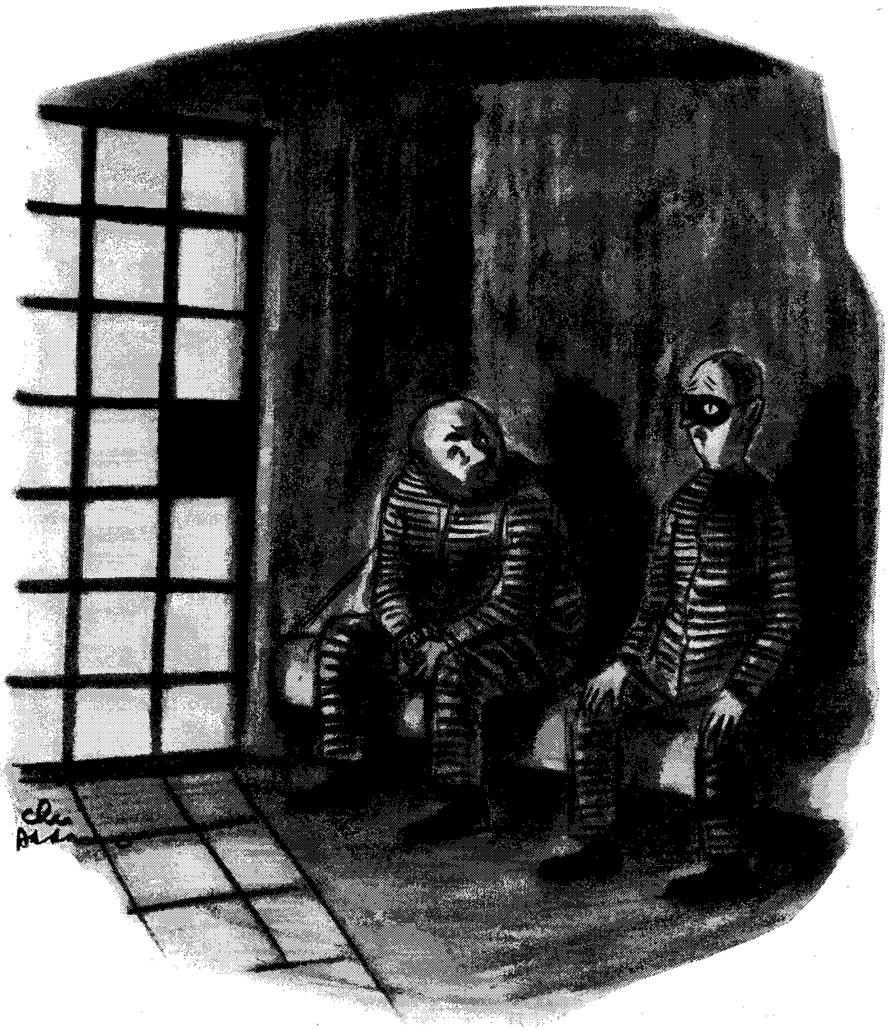
IT'S not inaccurate to say that Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is "A Farewell to Arms" with the background, instead, the Spanish Civil War. The hero, Robert Jordan, a young American Loyalist sympathizer, recalls to mind Frederic Henry. Like Henry, he is anti-heroically heroic, anti-romantically romantic, very male, passionate, an artist of action, Mercutio modernized. Though the heroine, Maria, reminds one rather less of Catherine Barkley, the two women have much in common. Also, in both books the mounting interplay of death and sex is a major theme, the body's intense aliveness as it senses its own destruction.

But there, I think, the resemblance ends. For this book is not merely an advance on "A Farewell to Arms." It touches a deeper level than any sounded in the author's other books. It expresses and releases the adult Hemingway, whose voice was first heard in the groping "To Have and Have Not." It is by a better man, a man in whom works the principle of growth, so rare among American writers.

The story opens and closes with Robert Jordan lying flat on the pine-needle floor of a Spanish forest. When we first meet him he is very much alive and planning the details of his job, which is to join forces with a band of Spanish guerrillas and with their aid blow up an important bridge at the precise instant that will most help the Loyalist advance on Segovia. When we last see him he has fulfilled his mission and is facing certain death. Between the opening and closing pass three days and three nights. Between the opening and closing pass a lifetime for Robert and Maria and something very much like a lifetime for the reader. "I suppose," thinks Robert, "it is possible to live as full a life in seventy hours as in seventy years." The full life lived by Robert and Maria spills over into your own mind as you read, so the three days and three nights are added to your life, and you are larger and more of a person on page 471 than you were on page 1. That is one test of a first-rate work of fiction.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" is about serious people engaged in serious actions. The word "serious" (a favorite among Spaniards) occurs again and again. The thoughts of Robert, even at his most sardonic, are serious thoughts. "There are necessary orders that are no fault of yours and there is a bridge and that bridge can be the point on which the future of the human race can turn. As it can turn on everything that happens in this war." It is a stern and grave reflection, sterner, graver than anything in "A Farewell to Arms." The title itself is part of a grave reflection, from the sermons of John Donne. That we may see on what a new and different level of emotion Hemingway now works, I quote the sentence from which the title is taken: "No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

This utterance (I suppose it is one of the greatest sentences in English) is about death and says yes to life. That men confer value on life by feeling deeply each other's mortality is the underlying theme of the novel. Here is something other than Hemingway's old romantic absorption in death, though growing out of it. Remember that "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is an anti-Fascist novel. "Any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde." All of what the dictator most profoundly and religiously disbelieves is in that sentence. Hemingway is no fool. He portrays many of the Loyalists as cowards, brutes, and politicians—as they undoubtedly were. He portrays some of the Fascists as men of twisted nobility—as they undoubtedly were. But he knows that the war, at its deepest level (the first battle of the war now on your front pages), is a war between those who deny



"It's no good, Gus, always living in the past."

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—in *The New Yorker*

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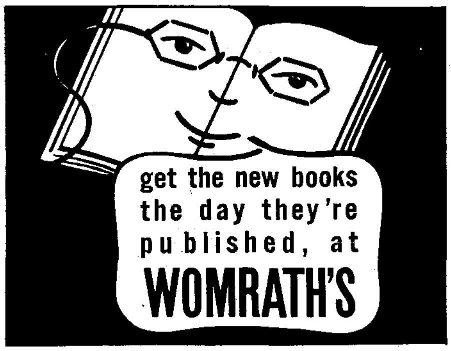
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life and those who affirm it. And if it is not yet such a war, it must become so, or it will, no matter who wins, have been fought in vain. I take that to be the central feeling of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and that is why the book is more than a thrilling novel about love and death and battle and a finer work than "A Farewell to Arms."

It is interesting to watch in this new book a certain process of etherealization. Just as the Wagnerian death fascination of "Death in the Afternoon" changes here into something purer, so the small-boy Spartanism and the parade of masculinity which weakened the earlier books are transformed into something less gross, something—Hemingway would despise the word—spiritual. And yet this is by far the most sensual of all his books, the most truly passionate. This process of purification extends even to minor matters. In the other books, for example, drinking is described as a pleasure, as a springboard for wit, as a help to love, as fun, as madness. There is much drinking in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and none of it is solemn, but it becomes at times a serious thing. Liquor, drunk by these Spanish guerrillas before a battle, is a noble and necessary pleasure. Drinking has dignity.

Dignity also is what each of the characters possesses, from Fernando, who wears it like another skin, down to Augustín, whose every third word is an obscenity. Each has his own dignity, which means worth, and that dignity is gradually lifted to the surface by the harsh touch of death, as the grain of a fine wood reveals itself with polishing. Anselmo, the Shakespearean old man who fears his own cowardice ("I remember that I had a great tendency to run at Segovia") and comes through at the end to a good and sound death; Rafael, the gypsy, unreliable, gluttonous, wild; El Sordo, the deaf guerrilla leader; Andrés, the Bulldog of Villaconejos; Pablo, the sad-faced revolutionary with the spayed spirit, the treacherous heart, and the subtle, ingrown mind; Pilar, the greatest character in the book, with her ugliness, her rages, her terrible memories, her vast love for the Republic, her understanding and envy of the young Robert and Maria; Maria herself, knitting her spirit together after her rape by the Falangists, finding the purpose of her young life in the three days and nights with her American lover—each of these (all of them flawed, some of them brutal, one of them treacherous) has a value, a personal weight that Hemingway makes us feel almost tangibly, so that their lives and deaths are not incidents in a story

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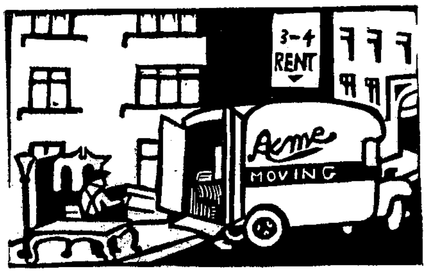
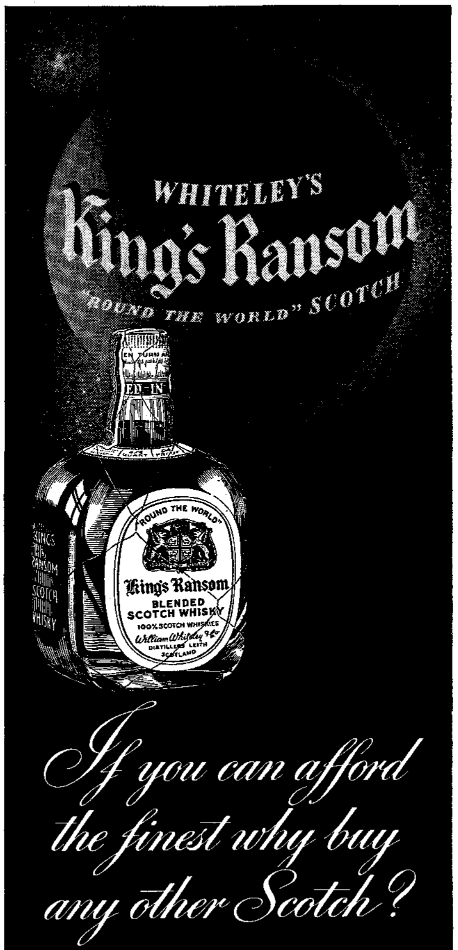
but matters of moment to us who are "involved in Mankinde."

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" rises above "A Farewell to Arms" in still another way. The love story in "A Farewell to Arms" *is* the book. Chapters like that describing the retreat from Caporetto or that beautiful scene of the conversation with the old man at the billiard table are mere set pieces and might conceivably have been used in some other book. But the love of Robert and Maria is a structural part of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." It is not "love interest," nor is it the whole story, either; it is an integral portion of three days and three nights of life lived by two young people facing death. Furthermore, though this love does not rise above passion, it endows passion with an end and a meaning. In the great scene just before Robert goes out to blow up the bridge, knowing that he will almost surely die, when he makes love to Maria, describing, his heart breaking, the fine life he knows they will never lead, he arrives at an identification of which Hemingway's other heroes were incapable: "I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry."

Fine as the Italians were in "A Farewell to Arms," these Spaniards are finer. "There is no people," thinks Robert, "like them when they are good and when they go bad there is no people that is worse." And here they are, good and bad. They are in some ways like Russians, the pre-Soviet Russians, very philosophic and confessional and poetical. But they are not soft; indeed, the Spanish fury to kill, to kill as a pure act of faith, is one of the dominating emotions of the book. And their language is superb, translated literally out of its elegant and formal original, a trick which sounds as if it might be atrocious and turns out one hundred per cent effective. As a matter of fact, I would imagine "For Whom the Bell Tolls" to be as excellent a Spanish novel as it is an American one.

I have no idea whether this is a "great" book, for I have read it only once, and too quickly. But I know





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COCKTAILS DINNER AFTER THEATRE

there are great things in it and that the man who wrote it is a bigger man than he was five years ago. There are some technical flaws. For example, I think the chapters describing the disorganization and political chicanery of the Loyalist command impede the story. But the faults are far outweighed by a dozen episodes that invade the memory and settle there: El Sordo's last fight on the hilltop; any of the love scenes; the struggle at the bridge; Pilar's dreadful story of Pablo's killing of the Fascists; Maria's recital of the noble death of her mother and father; Pilar's memories of her life among the bullfighters; the astounding conversation—this is a set piece, but it's forgivable—about "the smell of death;" and the final scene, in which Robert, his left leg smashed, alone and on the threshold of delirium, trains his machine gun on the advancing Fascists and prepares himself, knowing at last why he is doing so, to die.

So I do not much care whether or not this is a "great" book. I feel that it is what Hemingway wanted it to be: a true book. It is written with only one prejudice—a prejudice in favor of the common human being. But that is a prejudice not easy to arrive at and which only major writers can movingly express.

Robert's mission is to blow up a bridge, and he does so. Oddly, it is by the blowing up of just such bridges that Robert Jordan and Ernest Hemingway and all of us may be able to cross over into the future.

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER's introductory comments and general editorial paraphernalia are, on the whole, more interesting and better written than the famous and infamous epistles he has collected in his "Treasury of the World's Great Letters." Without his careful notes, this would be merely a sound anthology; with it, the book becomes a sort of private letter file of the inner crises and vanities of mankind, from Alexander the Great to Thomas Mann. The book is full of odd things that less catholic letter-collectors have missed, but there are also many of the familiar classics, including the damnably dull and obviously phony Héloïse and Abélard correspondence, Sam Johnson's immortal whiplash laid over the back of the Earl of Chesterfield, and Stevenson's corrosive letter to the Reverend Dr. C. M. Hyde, defending Father Damien.

Most of the letters are from the pens of great men, and often the greater the man (unless he is a writer, in which case all bets are off), the sillier—and

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perhaps more revealing—the letter. The love letters of Napoleon and Beethoven, for example, are about as embarrassing in their abject immaturity as anything in literature. All of which makes Mr. Schuster's fine collection no less interesting, and a perfect bedside book for that weekend guest.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AND NO MAN'S WIT, by Rose Macaulay. A dialectical exercise in the form of a novel, the subject being Spain. Also, democracy, love, death, the totalitarian states, and so forth. Miss Macaulay is quite a good dialectician, with a neat wit and a sensible habit of considering various sides of a question. Her British family in Spain, hunting a son who had been in the International Brigade, talk through 351 pages. Not a bad way to spend 351 pages, either.

MR. AND MRS. CUGAT, by Isabel Scott Rorick. A series of funny stories about married life among the blue bloods in a Western city. Mrs. Cugat loves mink coats, can't add, and doesn't bother much about her husband's old girls. Mr. Cugat goes to a costume ball in a suit of armor and has to be extracted with a can-opener. Recommended for that isn't-life-terrible feeling.

GREEN ENTRY, by F. Ruth Howard. While purporting to deal with a pretty lady, her son, and her second husband, Miss Howard's book is really about horses and the business of taking them around a horse-show circuit. The people are pleasantly, casually done; the horses are first rate.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG, by Dylan Thomas. Autobiographical short stories by a contemporary poet—his childhood in Wales, his first love, his old-country relatives. Slight, but full of salt and humor.

PAL JOEY, by John O'Hara. The night and day life of a night-club singer who is no Boy Scout but who has his gifts and can talk about them. Told in "letters"—all but three first published in this magazine—as he might have written them.

GENERAL

MARK TWAIN'S TRAVELS WITH MR. BROWN, edited, with an introduction, by Franklin Walker and G. Ezra Dane. Twain's previously uncollected travel correspondence with a San Francisco newspaper, filling in the

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period between his "Letters from the Sandwich Islands" of 1866 and the European letters of 1867. The old jocose, cantankerous Mark, giving us as sharp a view as we will ever get of New York in the eighteen-sixties, a voyage and overland journey across Nicaragua, and other matters. Mr. Brown is an imaginary vulgarian who says the wrong thing at the right time.

Families, by Karl Schriftgiesser. Remarkable group biography of our dynastic families—the Adamses, Beechers, Jameses, Lees, Drew-Barrymores, Astors, Vanderbilts, Guggenheims, du Ponts, Rockefellers, and Roosevelts—by a new writer who combines a nice sense of historical balance with a gift for neat and fluent statement. Better take a look at this.

The American Choice, by Henry A. Wallace. In this pamphlet, which sets forth his views on the position of agriculture, public debt, war, and so on, the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate warns us that we must save our natural resources now and that we should do no trading with a possibly victorious Germany, except as part of a "united front" of all the American governments. Includes some material from the author's recent speeches.

A Victorian Rebel, by Lloyd Wendell Eshleman. As a painter, poet, novelist, translator, craftsman, industrialist, and Socialist, the burly William Morris made a dent in Victorian thinking and influenced our own time. Not definitive, but an engrossing biography of a man of ideas. Illustrated.

Born in Paradise, by Armine von Tempski. An English-Polish girl reminisces about her enchanted and strenuous childhood on a 60,000-acre cattle ranch in the Hawaiian Islands: earthquakes, the *paniolos* (cowboys), Jack London, and so on. Very freshly and vividly written.

Harlem, by Claude McKay. Probably the best all-round study of the present-day Negro metropolis we've had so far, by the novelist who wrote "Home to Harlem." The author goes slow on amusements, which have been overdone, but his gentle penetration reveals the real, poverty-ridden Harlem of economic and political saviors, the numbers racket, business, politics, labor, and the like. Part of the material has appeared in the *American Mercury*. Excellent photographs.

One Foot in Heaven, by Hartzell

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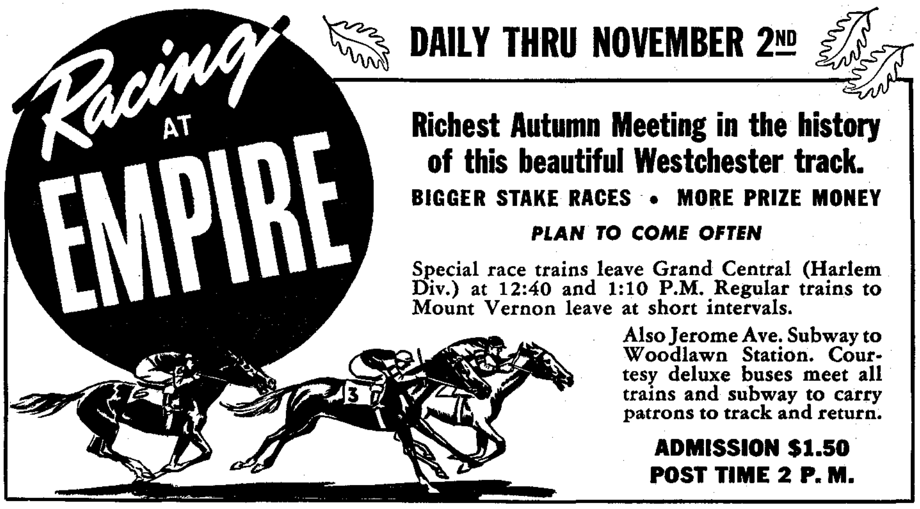
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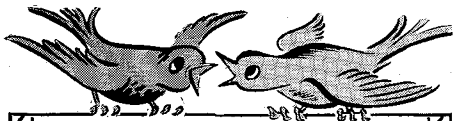

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BEYOND GERMAN VICTORY, by Helen Hill and Herbert Agar. The authors analyze "the blueprints for Hitler's United States" and argue that we should set up a totalitarian government and fight Germany now. This is necessary, they say, because our military position will become even less favorable if Germany wins.

AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE: ITS LIFE AND TIMES, by Douglas Gilbert. Back to Tony Pastor goes Mr. Gilbert in an affectionate, name-crammed chronicle of an art which had a certain animation and humanity that our movies and radio shows seem to lack. Great reading for anyone who can remember. Illustrated.

MY DEAR LADY, by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. Oversimple but attractive biography of an extraordinary woman, Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland, who served as Lincoln's close adviser during the Civil War and was apparently responsible for the strategy of Grant's campaign in the West. Illustrated.

ALL IN FUN: AN OMNIBUS OF HUMOR, edited by Allen Churchill. Selections from the works of forty authors (including seven *New Yorker* writers), ranging from Dickens to Jimmy Durante. Features: a Ring Lardner novel and a personal letter to a friend from G. Bernard Shaw.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEAD CAN TELL, by Helen Reilly. Drownings abound in and around New York when a killer gets to work. Inspector McKee solves the case more or less miraculously. Plenty of premonitions and chills, but the solution isn't logical.

HUSH, GABRIEL!, by Veronica Parker Johns. A spinster goes to the Virgin Islands to help her sister have a baby, and people start getting murdered. The Negro inhabitants introduce a weird touch. You'll like this story if you don't insist on too much detailed sleuthing.

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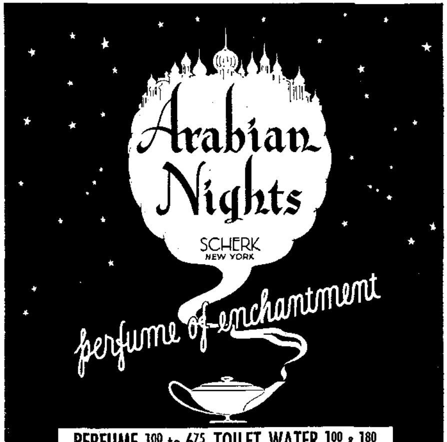

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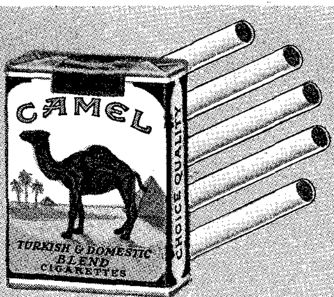
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 *EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!*

Peggy and Nancy are the daughters of Mrs. C. Perry Beadleston of New York and Long Island. Among their family forbears are a Territorial Governor, a Secretary of the Treasury, a World War general...

Noted for their glowing blonde beauty

Good companions, the lovely Beadleston sisters are usually seen together at débutante parties, the theatre, polo matches. Serious-eyed Peggy reads a great deal, would like to be a writer...Nancy *(seated on arm of the sofa)* is fun-loving, figure-skates beautifully, composes swing music.

"Camels... our favorite cigarette"

They agree that: "There's something special about a Camel. It always tastes just right. Milder and cooler and full of flavor! Camel cigarettes are gentle to the throat, too — not a bit harsh." As Nancy says: "Well, you'd have to *smoke* Camels to know how grand they really are!"

EXTRA MILDNESS **EXTRA COOLNESS** **EXTRA FLAVOR**

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

The Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos